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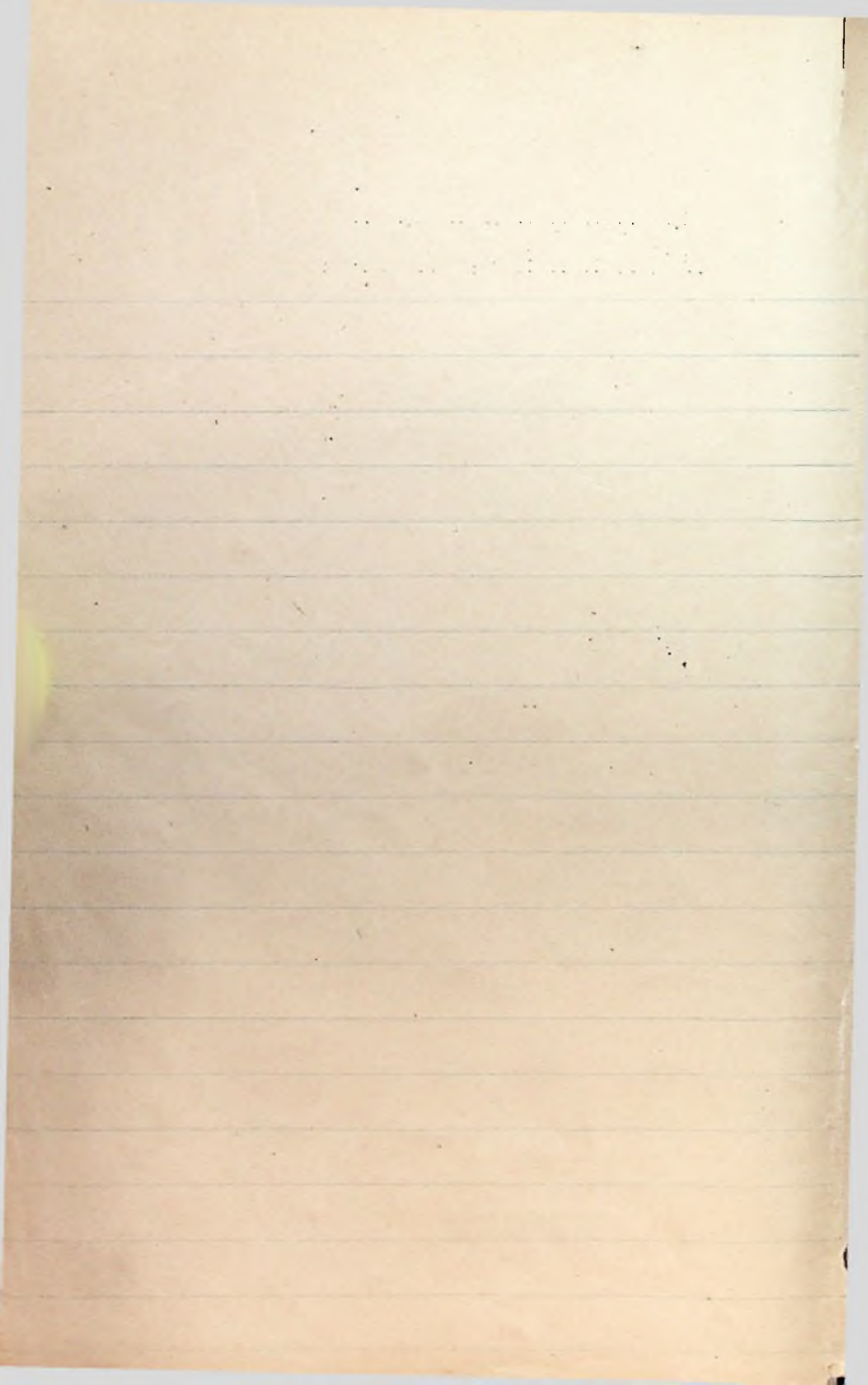
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VOLUME III

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ANNUAL

... of the ...

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

1910

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS, 1910.



GREETINGS FROM THE SENIOR CLASS.

*1185

TO MR. HALL.

In want of a better token of respect and esteem,
we dedicate this book.



PROF. H. E. HALL.

Mr. Hall has been Principal of our High School for the past ten years.

His personality is best revealed in the following lines from Nixon Waterman:

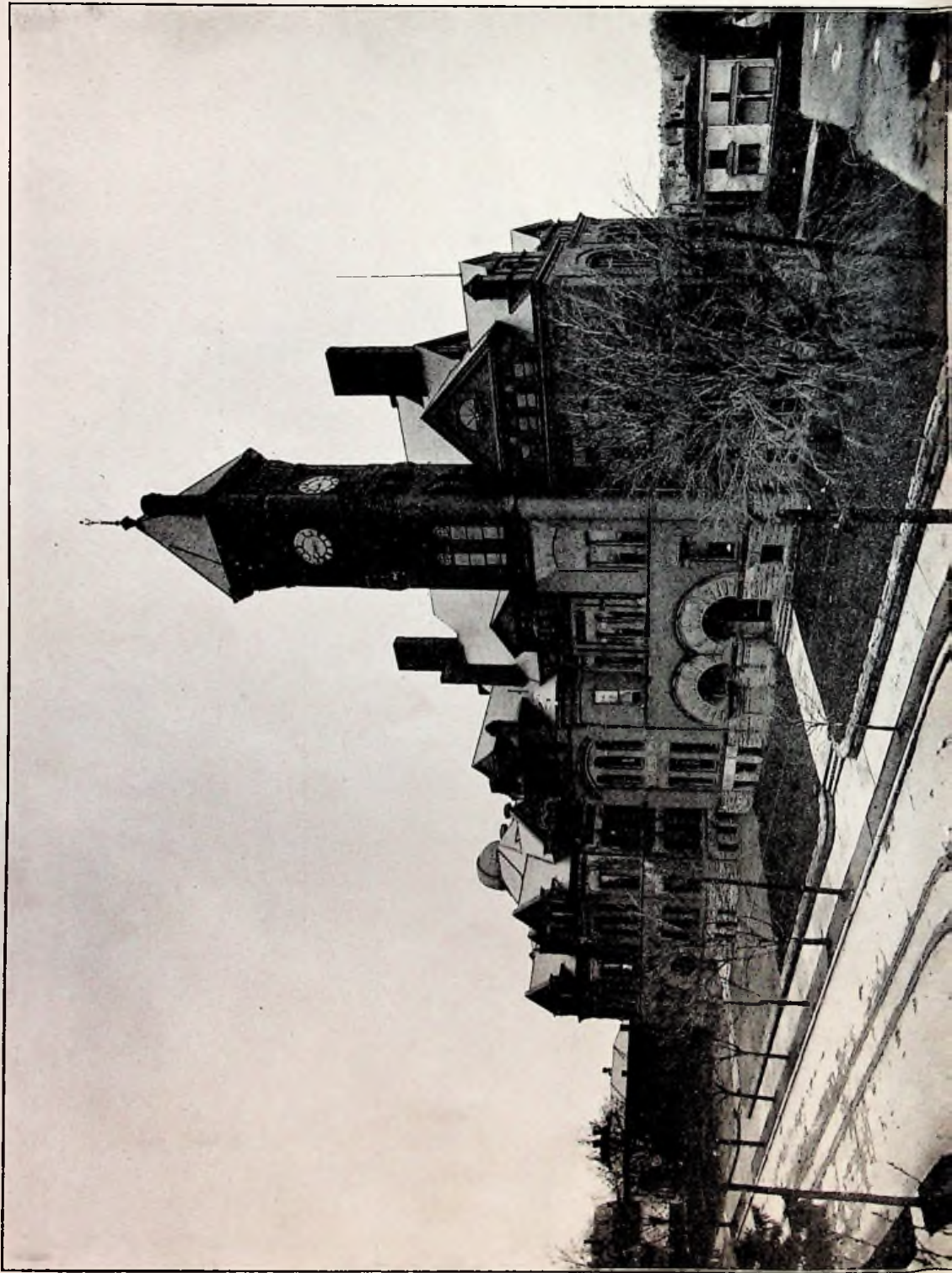
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead:
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

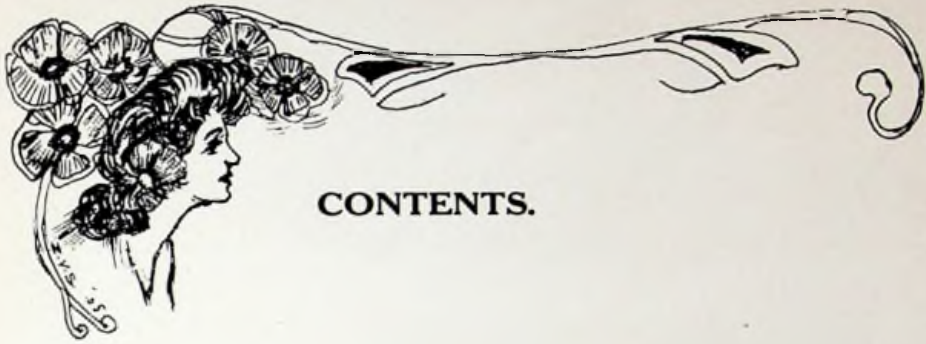
If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner eye divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hand in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and knew me.



Fluttering, spread thy gracious pinions,
Gentle Muses, o'er this book.
And we hope herein thy pathways
Will not be too oft forsook.

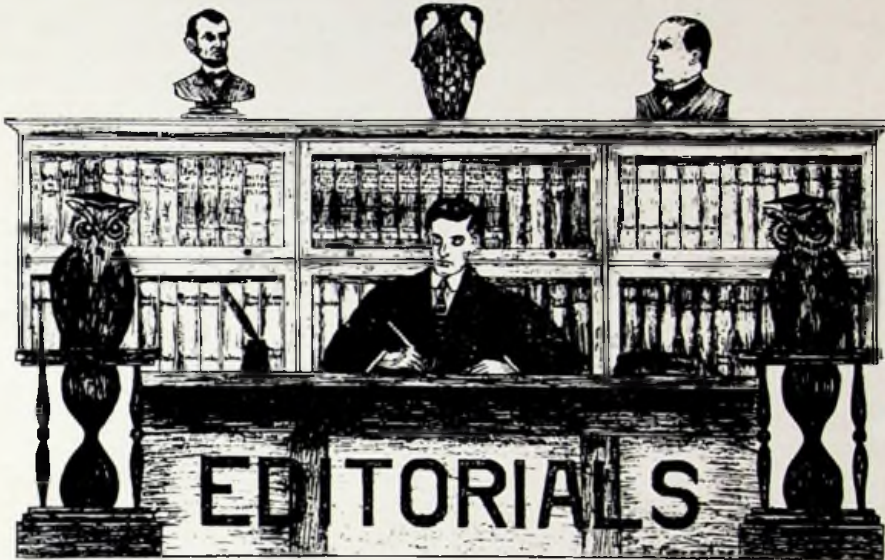
Now O Muses,—Our Pegasus—
Mount ye him with anxious care,
Lest he overthrow and leave thee,
Bellerophon's fate to share.





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Last year's Annual staff bemoaned the lack of a suitable room for the dinner pupils to eat in. This year the Board of Education fitted up the room in the north-east corner of the basement, in truly regal style. Mission oak tables, hot plates, coffee-pots, etc., etc. The corridor leading to the room was fitted with lockers to hold the dinners safe during school hours. After a suitable "opening" by the faculty the room was turned over to the pupils. The room between Miss Moore's and Mr. Baldwin's was supplied with the best magazines and equipped as a reading room. The dinner pupils certainly have it on the rest of us now. They are not compelled to walk to some distant home, swallow their dinner whole, and rush back again. All they need to do is to step into the dining hall, eat a nice, warm dinner and then retire to the rest room or library. Dinner pupils, we congratulate you.

OBSERVATORY.

Astronomy is one of the most interesting studies. It is one of the oldest of the sciences. The earliest records left by man tell of his interest in, and study of, astronomy. As you look out into infinite space, you seem to see the stars gliding across the inside surface of a great, hollow sphere. Among them we see Sirius, the dog star; Arcturus and fiercely-burning Procyon sending its waves of light so distinctly to the eye. These blazing suns are awe-inspiring sights in themselves as looked at with the naked eye. But get a telescope, even a small one, and your vision will be increased wonderfully. By it you will be enabled to see some of the wonders of the solar system; the beautiful rings of Saturn, the canals of Mars, and the stripes of Jupiter. You can see the great nebulae in Andromeda and Orion, where new worlds are in process of creation. You can see double and triple stars. And as you look and realize that their distances are expressed in hundreds of thousands of astronomical units, then and then only are you given a proper conception of the universe in which you live.

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At the beginning of the school year, Mr. Hall ransacked the building in an attempt to find enough pupils interested in astronomy to form a class, and six only responded. This lack of interest is due to the fact that we have no equipment in our High School for teaching such a science. All we have is a gilded dome, ridiculously called an observatory, in which were spent thousands of dollars of taxpayer's money.

The teachers are able and willing to teach students who are anxious to study astronomy if given the least encouragement. It's somebody's move. We have money for this, that and the other thing, but no money with which to buy a telescope and suitable equipment for a good observatory. It is the sincere hope of the staff that coming students will have the opportunity of studying this noblest of all sciences with the help of a satisfactory telescope.

What is the real cause of cigarette smoking in the High School? Is it the fear of being lost in this motley crowd without a headlight; of passing unnoticed unless puffing away like a locomotive and sending up smoke like a camp-fire? Perhaps it is the desire to acquire a bad odor. There are bad smells to be found in every back alley. To be sure, this matter is slightly without the jurisdiction of "The Annual", but we feel this to be one of the leading questions of the day; one to be considered and thought about along with High Cost of Living. Perhaps it is the work of a contagious germ. As we ponder upon this and see so many innocent young men under the spell, this seems very probable. If this is the case, we urgently and earnestly beseech our bacteriologists to set to work to discover a toxine that will rid the land of such a curse. Of course the blame of all the smoking rested originally upon the shoulders of Sir Walter Raleigh. If he were living, we feel that just punishment would be meted out to him. But he has been safely dead these many years; no doubt went up in smoke. It seems ridiculous that so many up-to-the-minute young men of this day should be content to follow such an old-fashioned custom. We feel that none of these reasons can be applied, and that the real cause for cigarette smoking among our boys is a desire to break rules, to be "men", and an awful fear lest the adjective "slow" may be applied to them.

What is truth? That is the question which has confronted the ages. We could give no better advice than that some High School students should find out what truth is and then practice it. If they did, they would have to quit all their lying, deception and trickery. They would have to keep their books closed in class, whether the teacher was in a position to see or not. They would have to cease getting translations from their neighbor. If they promised to write a story for the Annual, they would do it. They would not resort to trickery to secure their grades. Wouldn't it be ideal? They wouldn't lie to Mr. Hall to get an excuse, because they would realize that "murder will out", and the effect would never be forgotten. Always remember, as Bacon puts it, "that clear and sound dealing is the honor of man's nature".

This year the students of the High School and the people of Mansfield had an opportunity to hear one of the greatest lecturers on the platform today—Byron W. King. The occasion was the entertainment given by the school at the Congregational Church with this same King as speaker. He certainly filled the bill, the house, and High School pocket-book. Over \$100 was raised to buy pictures with.

THE ANNUAL

TYPES OF HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS.

In his walk through life the keen observer sees many types of people. Nowhere does one see more of these types than in the High School. The staff has a point of vantage in the editorial room from which we can look out upon our little Mansfield High School world.

We see many professional loafers, the intellectual hoboes, who flourish in our **INTELLECTUAL** midst in great numbers. They are the gentle, retiring **HOBO.** spirits to whom work is especially distasteful and to whom much labor is a "weariness to the flesh". They believe in doing as they please, particularly when they please to do nothing at all. They toil not, neither do they spin; and by their own report they are not only not equal to labor but are superior to it. In short, the intellectual hobo employs the method of "roughing it" to get through High School.

The bookworm, though found but rarely, we sometimes see within our halls. **THE** He lives and moves and has his being in books. He is **BOOKWORM.** generally pale and morbid; but exercise would remedy that. He is happiest when buried in his musty books. Oblivious to all going on about him, he ignores his frivolous classmates. Generally he is a girl.

Our next type is the rattle-brained girl. It has been said that all girls are **THE** more or less rattle-brained; but we refer only to the **RATTLE-BRAINED** variety very much afflicted. Such a girl receives but **GIRL.** very little benefit from High School. She is quite incapable of an original idea in her silly little head, and just as incapable of retaining anything from her books. Her thoughts are entirely taken up with her hair and "him". She is more numerous than she ought to be in the High School.

Another type is the dreamer, that mystical spirit whose mind is always soaring **THE** above the sordid things of earth, while his lessons go **DREAMER.** unheeded. Perhaps he is growing too fast or he may have a touch of "spring fever". At any rate he finds it much easier to let his thoughts dwell upon the cheerful things of life than to "dig" at some proposition to which he "never could see any sense, anyway". However, he should not be condemned too much, for who knows what great things he is planning for the future?

The musical organizations in the High School this year are as follows:

The Orchestra, made up wholly of players with stringed instruments, and the piano; the Senior Glee Club, consisting of about twenty members of the Senior Class; a quartette of mixed voices; the Senior Male Quartette, and the School Chorus, containing all pupils in the Junior and Senior classes. Besides furnishing music for rhetoricals, receptions, etc., in the High School, the orchestra played at the mid-winter session of the Richland County Teachers' Institute, and the Glee Club sang at the annual banquet of the Lincoln Association. The musical organizations also furnished a large part of the music for the concerts given at the Bowman street grade school, which resulted in the purchase of a beautiful piano for that building.

THE ANNUAL

The annual spring concert was given in the First Congregational Church on Friday night, April 29, 1910, to a good and appreciative audience. The chorus of nearly 200 voices made the building ring with the music that had been studied during the year and, together with a miscellaneous programme of vocal and instrumental solos, male and mixed quartettes, and a reading from Julius Caesar, the whole affair was a splendid success.

Music will also be well represented in the commencement programme.

We wish to thank Mr. Leppo and his assistants for the consideration they have shown us while we were preparing this paper. Many times we have been in their way and hindered them in their work. These people have work to do, and the fact that they looked upon us with so much charity gives us reason for gratitude.

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to our Advisory Board, Miss Feldner and Mr. Marting, whose material assistance has been of such great value to us. Miss Feldner has served in this capacity for several years, and has been a great help to us. The staff is indeed to be congratulated on obtaining one so competent as Mr. Marting. Having had experience in this line of work before, he has been an excellent critic and at all times a willing assistant.

To Mr. Beckett and the commercial pupils who have so kindly assisted in typewriting the manuscripts, and to all teachers and pupils who have taken an interest in our work, we extend our hearty thanks. We are grateful, also, to the business men of the city who have aided us financially by giving us their advertisements.



A TRIBUTE TO THE COMMON MAN.

ARCHIE NIXON,

swellest dub

ever in M. H. S

Oft are sung, and loud the praises
Of the soldier brave and bold.
All of the heroic phases
Of his grand career are told.

Of all this he is deserving,
For he surely paid the price,
While his country he was serving,
Made he many sacrifice.

I would praise the common man,
When in the jolts and jars
Of life, he has the grit to stand
And nobly bear his scars.

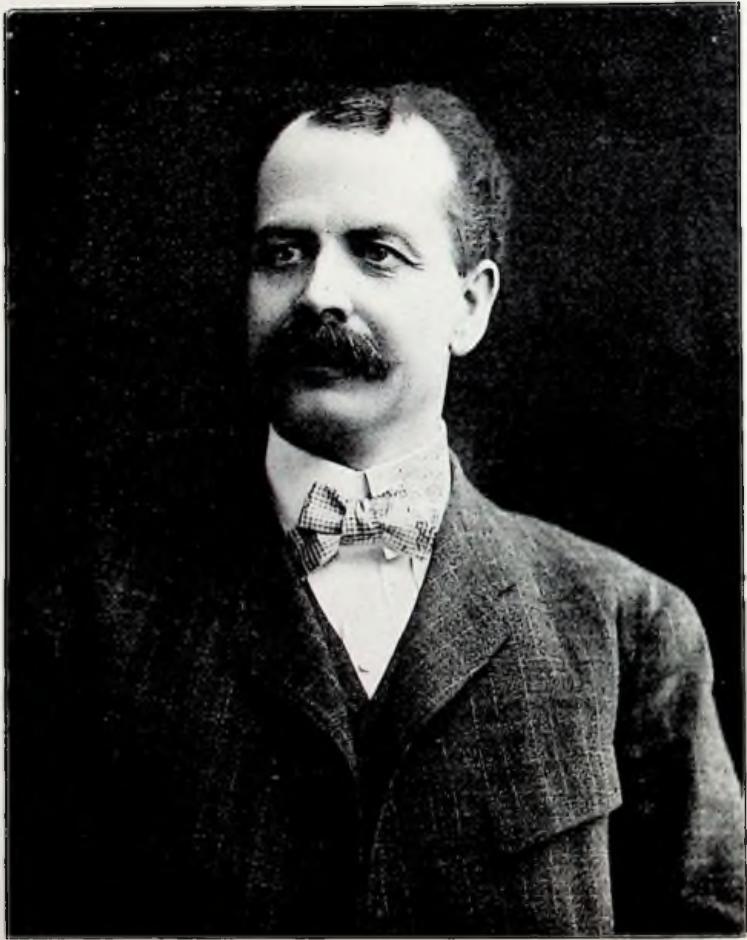
The fight is spurred by bravest deeds
And by the cannons roar;
The worker, by his family's needs
And the wolf at his door.

The soldier you may say is brave,
And this is rightly true:
But show me what kind of a knave,
Will rob a slave his due?

For is not life a battle field,
Adversity the foe,
Must he not strong his weapons wield,
If through this world he'd go?

Then not alone on soldiers brave,
Let us our plaudits shower;
But drop with reverence on the grave
Of the common man, a flower.

THE ANNUAL




SUPT. H. H. HELTER.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

President, R. W. STEPHENSON,	Clerk, DR. JOHN BRISTOR.
ARNOLD KALLMERTEN,	
C. B. BUSHNELL,	
M. F. CLINE,	
C. F. FENSCH,	
A. E. PIPER.	

THE ANNUAL



Present Teachers.



Mr. H. H. Helter	Superintendent
Mr. H. E. Hall	Principal
Mr. E. L. Marting	Science and Commercial Law
Miss Holland	Mathematics
Miss Abbott	English
Miss Feldner	German
Mr. Baldwin	Mathematics
Miss Felger	Study Room
Miss Gilbert	English
Miss Garrison	Latin and Common Branches
Miss Brown	Latin
Miss Jenner	Civics and History
Miss Kemp	Study Room and English
Miss Ruess	German
Mr. Welday	Public Speaking
Miss Aberle	French and Elementary Science
Miss Simpson	French and English Literature
Mr. Beckett	Commercial Department
Miss Ballard	Drawing
Mr. Bellingham	Musical Director
Miss McIlvaine	Superintendent's Clerk

Former Superintendents.

John Simpson	James Knott
E. D. Lyon	Dr. Thomas Vickers
C. L. Van Cleve	

Former Teachers

Miss Miller (Mrs. Knot)	Miss Soyez
Mr. Davey	Mr. Allen
Miss Swaim	Mr. Carpenter
Mr. Miller	Miss Custer (Mrs. Albright)
Miss Stine (Mrs. Wagner)	Mr. Anderson
Mr. Alger	Miss Jones
Mr. Holmes	Mr. Hoover
Mr. Mr. Blankenhorn	Miss Harris
Miss Hughes	Miss Cornell (Mrs. Shepherd)
Miss Snyder	Miss Hill
Mrs. Downend	Miss Housel
Miss Carson	Mrs. Mills.
Miss Waugh	

The Faculty

Of course we couldn't publish this Annual without some reference to the Faculty. Everybody knows we have one; so what is the use of trying to conceal the fact? We might as well own up to it at once, and make the best of it that we can.

A Faculty is a lot of trouble. It takes a long time to learn their dispositions and habits, and then, just as you find you are acquainted with them and able to manage them without any further trouble, the year is over, and next fall you have an entirely new lot to tame.

It is discouraging, too, for sometimes after working a whole year with a refractory teacher, you have to feel that you have failed to reach her or influence her for the better in any way. It is some little comfort though to think that even if we have failed, we have perhaps hewn the way for the next class that is put in charge of her.

We are compelled to admit, however, that this past year the task of handling the Faculty has not been at all unpleasant. They are, with a few exceptions, a well behaved, tractable set of teachers. We have reasons to hope that with another year or two of the same sort of discipline that we have given them this year, we shall have them completely subjugated and ready for exhibition to the most exacting of our friends. We trust that when they see this article, with a few of their shortcomings pointed out, they will strive more diligently to mend their ways and will be more amenable to their next year's instruction from the present under classmen. We Seniors have done all in our power to make them toe the mark, and the advice we leave to the coming Freshmen is this: Begin early, and never despair.

Let us examine the Faculty individually, and see what improvement can be suggested.

First, there is Mr. Hall, our principal. A pretty good sort of a fellow in a way, but a little too inclined to interfere with our fun in the hallways and elsewhere; also, always making speeches to us and calling us down. Had the nerve to tell our Art Editor he ought to study more. Treats too many students better than they deserve. Always on the firing line. Won't let the boys smoke in the study room. Plenty of chance for improvement.

Then there is Miss Bertha Ruess, our teacher of German. She makes us study too hard, but, nevertheless, she is dear to us all.

And Miss Margaret Feldner, also of German proclivities. Another member of the contrary sex. Asks too many questions in class. Sits down too hard on the vivacious ones. Set in her ways, and pretty hard for us to handle.

Mr. C. M. Beckett, Commercial Branches. Teaches us how to attend to other people's business. Not much trouble to the main body of students, because he is confined to the third floor. Came here from Marion, and we decided not to send him back.

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Mr. W. A. Baldwin, Mathematics. A stern, sedate, scholarly bachelor. Would be easier to handle, were he not so mathematically precise.

Miss Helen Simpson, English Literature and French. Petite, alert, resourceful. Never lets us go to sleep. Scolds us in English and praises us in French.

Miss Mabel Holland, Mathematics. Fair, frank and fearless—as much friend as teacher.

Miss Gertrude Jenner, History. Who could criticize Miss Jenner? Much as she expects of us we would willingly do more. A home-grown teacher, and we're proud of her.

Miss Mary Aberle, History and Physiography. A perennial enthusiasm pervades her work. She makes us interested in spite of ourselves.

Mr. E. L. Marting, Science. The more you know of him the better you like him. Versatile, resourceful and good natured. We couldn't possibly get along without him.

Miss Helen Brown, Latin. After a year's leave of absence she came back to us, but is no better teacher than she was before. She couldn't be.

Miss Cora Garrison, Latin. Above her door, should be hung this sign, "Let him who enters here, leave sloth behind." Even a "horse" will not help us to evade her seaching questions.

Miss Emily Abbott, English. Quiet, wise and unassuming. Too patient with block heads.

Miss Gilbert, Commercial English. Capable, energetic, master of the occasion. A foe to laziness. Makes us work too hard, and practices what she preaches. Gathers us in and watches over us as if we were a brood of chicks.

Miss Kate Moore, Algebra. Demure, sympathetic, too optimistic of our ability to absorb Algebra. If the Freshmen were not sieves they would contain enough Algebra at the end of the year to supply the state.

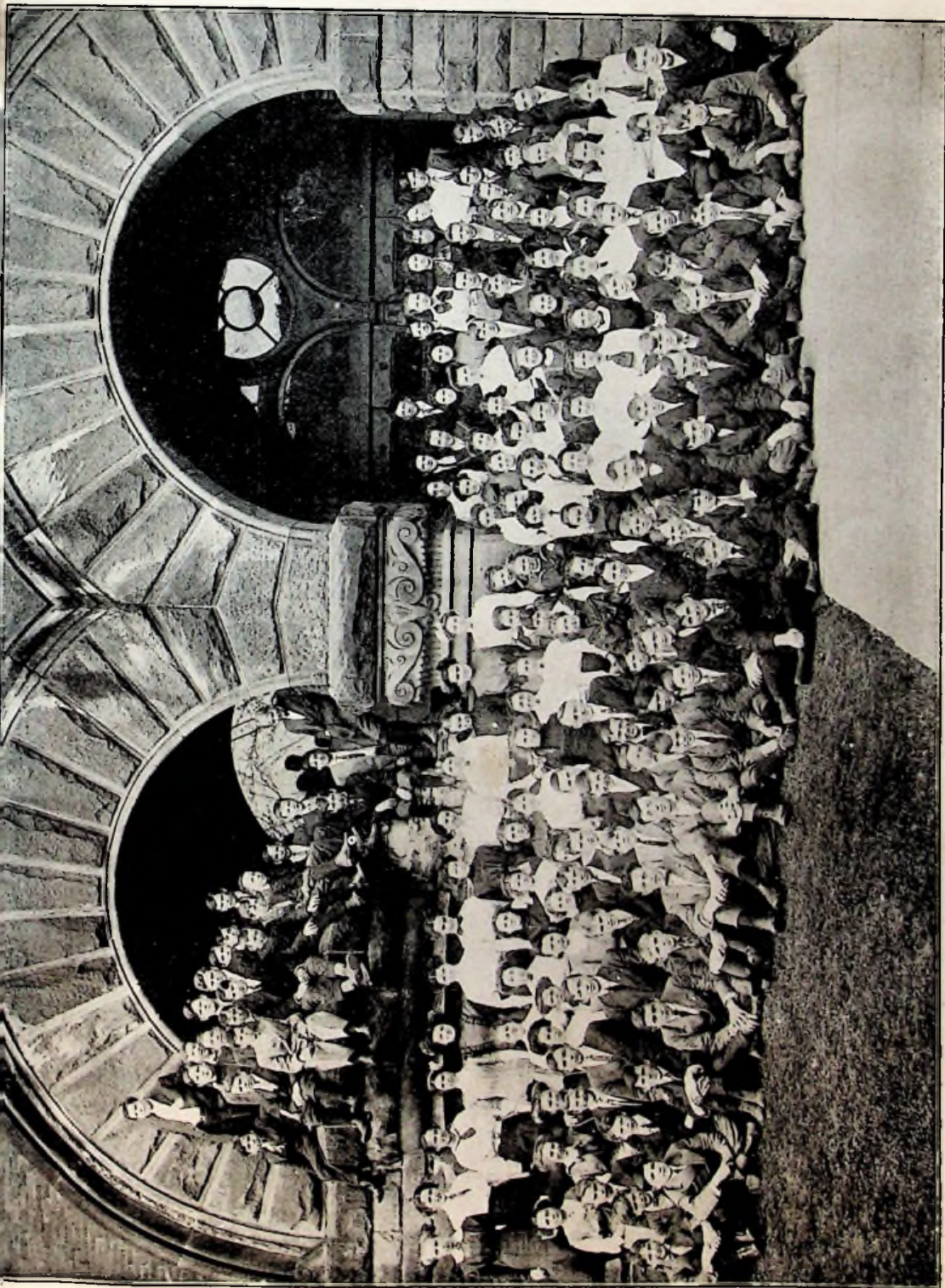
Mr. H. A. Welday, Public Speaking. Always optimistic, hard-worker, and hard to work.

Miss Helen Felger, Study Room, wide-awake, watchful, critical, always on the job.

Miss Anna Kemp, Study Room. It's a pleasure to keep good order in her study room.







FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen Class Roll

GIRLS

Ethel Anderson	Ruth Leppo
Emma Au	Helen Lindsey
✓ Helen Bair	Winona McFarland
✓ Pearl Beam	✓ Fern McCurdy
✓ Ethel Dise	✓ Winona McPhern
✓ Ferne Bowen	Grace Myer
✓ Ruth Beck	Caroline Murphy
Helen Berry	Thelma Maglott
✓ Lilian Bookwater	Marian Mulvihill
Edith Becker	Florence Odenbaugh
Blanche Browning	Nellie Poe
Katherine Bushnell	Helen Poe
Lita Clark	Helen Porch
Doris Cochran	✓ Edna Patterson
Artie Cairns	✓ Bertice Rees
Dorothy Danz	✓ Helen Robinson
Martha Dew	Nell Robison
Helen Davis	Hermoine Reinewald
Dorothy Enos	Marie Ross
Marguerite Ernst	Lela Ritchie
Martha Evans	Rhea Rumpier
Florence Figley	Katherins Schafer
Helen Finney	Gladys Stoner
Myrtle Fleming	Katherine Schwier
Marian Fox	Anna Sattler
✓ Mary Gadfield	Georgia Shyrook
Mildred Fancher	Helen Snyder
Cidelaid Guenther	Pearl Spiker
Daisy Gerhart	Charlotte Stark
✓ Myrtle Guise	Amanda Thomas
Helen Hall	Sara Tracy
Lilian Herr	✓ Mary Taylor
Louis Hantz	Mary Them
Irma Hine	Rhea Valentine
Olivia Henry	Isabella Van Ness
Helen Houk	Marie Wigton
Ruth Jolly	Florence Wagner
Helen Jackson	Geraldine Willis
Edith King	Dorothy Wagner
Sarah Jameson	Chrystine Wagner
✓ Hazel Kennedy	Ruth Whorel
Anna Lehnhart	✓ Ruth Wolf
Thelma Laird	✓ Marie Wolford
Georgia Leppo	

THE ANNUAL

BOYS

Clarence Adams	George Miller
Gaylord Adams	George Marks
Clarence Ackerman	Karl Mengert
Clarence Banks	Berlyn McCready
Byron Blackburn	Raymond Martin
Leroy Bassett	Lather McCally
Clarence Burghardt	Reed McBride
Robert Bissett	Wilbur Miller
John Black	Lawrence McDaniel
Aarry Bissett	Charles Miller
Einer Bergstrom	Eugene Miller
Franklin Bissman	Raymond Miller
Ray Brown	Earl McKee
Norman Burneson	Thomas Metcalf
Worthe Bailey	Lee Miller
Earl Burns	Russel Newton
Arthur Cline	Wickham Old
Arthur Culleton	Ray Oswalt
Richard Curry	Edwin Palmer
Earle Crider	Charles Palmer
Harold Carroll	Clarence Platt
Lester De Yarmon	Walter Rusk
Hermon De Witt	Ogden Remy
Lyle Enlow	Henry Sanford
Clarence Fike	Earl Sawhill
Albert Frank	Samuel Simon
John Fäss	Winfield Scott
William Flaherty	Harold Steele
Glenn Gamber	Lynne Smith
Frank Green	Forest Seaman
Fred Hartz	Leland Stock
Robert Henry	Edwin Stander
Roscoe Harbaugh	Robert Sturges
Thomas Henry	John Seighford
Walter Holstein	Albert Schmutzler
Orville Hamilton	Samuel Spetka
Charles Hutchinson	Louis Them
Edward Hink	Lawrence Todd
Jack Jessop	Howard Van Allen
Harold Kern	Russell Whitcomb
Harry Kreishner	Clarence Williams
Paul Kelly	Glenn Wheaton
Edwin Knarr	Paul Weber
Arnold Kalmerten	Albert Wright
Harry Laver	Paul Whorle
Wade Laser	Robert Wilcox
Joseph Lindley	Walter Yoder

Freshman Poem.

Look you back, O little Freshie,
 To September nineteen nine;
 When you left the school of childhood;
 Left the school of readin', writin',
 For the school of Hist'ry, Latin.
 For the school of high up English
 And the 'rithmetic of letters.
 Did it not sound fine? O Freshie,
 You would have no work to do,
 You'd have lessons small and few;
 You'd need not take, as of yore,
 First position on the floor.

Look you back, O little Freshie,
 To that week, some months ago,
 When your teachers all did warn you
 Of the tests that come and go;
 When they said, with hidden meaning
 In their voices and their eyes,
 "Now no longer shirk your lessons,
 Study harder every night.
 If you study, little Freshies,
 In your tests you'll come out right".

Look you back, O little Freshie,
 To the time you fell in test,
 To the time you got your grade card,
 You had failed, but done your best.
 Tread you softly, little Freshie,
 Speak not proudly of your thoughts;
 Close your eyes, O little Freshie,
 And to dreamland glide away
 To the time that is to come,
 To the day not far away,
 When as Juniors, or as Seniors
 We'll get homage we now pay
 To the time we'll be respected;
 Think again, O little Freshie,
 That that time's not far away,
 Only three more years of climbing
 Until we shall reach that day.

KATHERINE BUSHNELL.

Freshman Class History

If the Sophomores pictured the Freshman class of this year as "mamma's darlings", their mental photography, as far as the Freshmen are concerned, was out of commission.

Because of the superior class of Freshmen this year they were not as badly treated as in former years. It is true several were compelled to make speeches before a band of noisy Sophomores, but most of them were left unharmed.

One problem which confronted them was that of report rooms. Last year the Eighth Grades did not have the opportunity to visit the Freshman report rooms; consequently many Freshmen got lost, but were soon found and taken care of by Prof. Hall.

The fall of the Freshman is usually great, for, after having supreme domain over the grammar grades, he is made the object of all jokes and fun, especially by the Sophomores. But this year the Sophomores were more lenient than usual, because last year they received a double share, and so had pity on those who were passing the same stage this year.

The first day there was a great deal of excitement among the Freshmen, for the making out of rosters was new to them; but when they found where those months led them, and also saw the teachers who would preside over them, they were very much pleased with the aspect of the coming year.

Just after the mid-year examinations, Miss Simpson left for a trip to Cuba. During her absence her classes were taken by Miss Laughlin, from the University of Wooster. Everyone liked her very much and were sorry to have her leave when the return of Miss Simpson was hailed in the latter part of February.

No complaint has been received from the Freshmen for not being well treated. The class, which is larger than ever before, has already displayed a great deal of talent and there is a good outlook for more in the coming years.

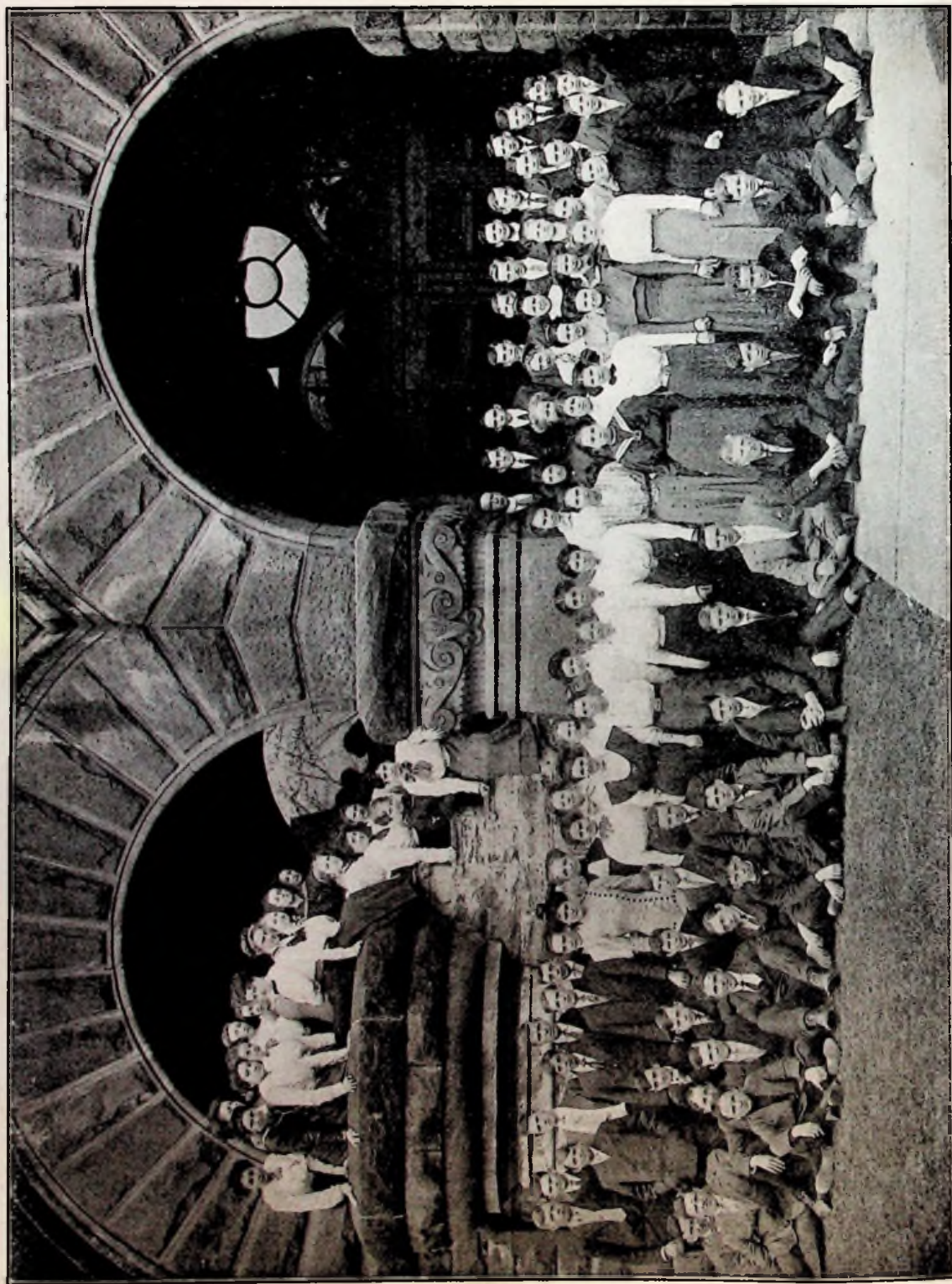
CARL MENGERT.





Sophomore Class Officers.

PRESIDENT	-	-	CLAYTON REMY
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	ALBERT MCGUIRE
SECRETARY	-	-	ALICE SMITH
TREASURER	-	-	SIDNEY JUDSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	-	-	DICK DAVIS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Roll.

Mary Au
 Hazel Bailey
 Ruth Burge
 Dorothy Bushnell
 Faye Bishop
 Marguerite Cairns
 Edna Casey
 Marie Cochran
 Esther Cronewett
 Dorothy Ditwiler
 Marie Dorian
 Georgia Edwards
 Alice Eiswald
 Ruth Elliot
 Allene Foss
 Marjorie Glover
 Ada Greisinger
 Marguerite Gorham
 Maud Hastings
 Florence Hart
 Bessie Hartman
 Helen Herring
 Mary Hartman
 Kathleen Hosler
 Ida Herr
 Marie Hostetter
 Edna Hawkins
 La Rena Jacobs
 Mable Lantz
 Genevive Lairn
 Ruth Loebe
 Marie Marks
 H. Marie Marks
 Blanch Marmet
 Arline Marquis
 Martha McKinney
 Mary McConnel
 Lucile Milller
 Eva Miller
 Esther Motter

Mildred Meyer
 Katherine Martin
 Clemintine Mulvihill
 Reba Norris
 Katherine Nagle
 Ruth Ritchie
 Mae Shrack
 Alice Smith
 Thirza Stevenson
 Helen Snitzer
 Alverda Swendal
 Thelma Shaw
 Edith Wagner
 Theresa Wappner
 Ruth Wilson
 Wallace Aungst
 Homer Au
 William Barden
 William Beattie
 Leo Baker
 Ralph Beck
 Harold Bloor
 William Bowen
 Ernst Brunk
 Albert Cameron
 Robert Carrigan
 Charles Clifford
 Clinton Copeland
 Harold Chessrown
 Bruce Cunningham
 Donald Cupp
 Richard Davies
 John Duneichik
 Clayton Ettinger
 Adam Erdenberger
 George Fox
 Hershel Frasher
 Martin Frank
 Harold Gifford
 John Grabler

THE ANNUAL

(SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL Continued)

Raymond Horn
Jean Hagerty
Charles Harris
James Harris
Orta Hagerman
Howard Harbaugh
Arthur Hartupe
Alva Hecht
Charles Hershey
Lowell Irwin
Walter Johnson
Sidney Judson
Karl Kale
Earl Kissane
Robert Keffer
Fred Kelley
Charles Kirkwood
Harley Koons
Albert Laurentz

Glenn Lapham
Laurence Nickolaus
George Pfeifer
Ray Painter
Willard Pierce
Clayton Remy
Harry Reynolds
Roy Sampsel
Dwight Smith
Arthur Spetka
Samuel Schwein
Karl Sweringen
William Springe
Dio Shaw
Harold Umberger
Wenan Wile
Walter Wagner
Herman Wolf
Boyd Weaver



SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM.

ALICE EISWALD

Old Sailor Jones came up to town
To view our High School o'er,
He looked her up, he looked her down,
He looked her aft and fore.

"This class", said he, as he glanced at me,
"Is much too light of anchor ;
It's much too light to hold at sea,
And something ails the spanker! "

This was the Freshman crowd, you see,
That neatly he hauled over,
But that, of course, was naught to me,
Which spoke this old sea rover.

The next we met was the Junior bunch,
With their rudderless boat of red,
And if you'd heard what he said, I've a hunch,
It would lay you flat in your bed.

For sailors swear both broad and long,
If they have only half a chance ;
Cause the Juniors have neither color or song,
And haven't made *any* advance.

The Seniors next came across our way,
And Jonesy made a face,
" Altho ", said he, " I must say my say,
They've made a pretty good race! "

And last, and best, that we came across,
Was the Sophomores, brave and true,
They observe no cost ; they acknowledge no
loss,
And always pay when it's due.

The race is hard, the race is long ;
But it all too soon is over,
And we are proud of the bold and strong ;
And of the Sophomore class, moreover.





Sophomore Class History

ALICE EISWALD



The cavalcade pulled up with a jerk, or rather, the cavalcades, for several pulled up in front of the brick barn, commonly known as the High School.

"Well, I suppose you people want some fresh horses, yours look rather jaded. I guess I can supply you; those Eighth Grade horses never were much use, anyhow. Here, Faculty, lead out some Freshman horses; about one hundred and fifty will do". All this from Mr. Hall, the boss of the Stable.

The cavalcades, now united into one, started after considerable delay, but they hadn't more than reached Thanksgiving corner before the boss' voice was heard: "Here, you! Stop a minute! You boy over there, your Latin curb needs tightening; and your History saddle needs another girth, girl; furthermore, there are about six of you whose Algebra blankets has slipped away on one side. And over there is a boy whose horse has a stone in its Physical Geography shoe. That'll do now. Mount! Draw rein! Move! and we're off again, never pulling up until we reach Sophomore town.

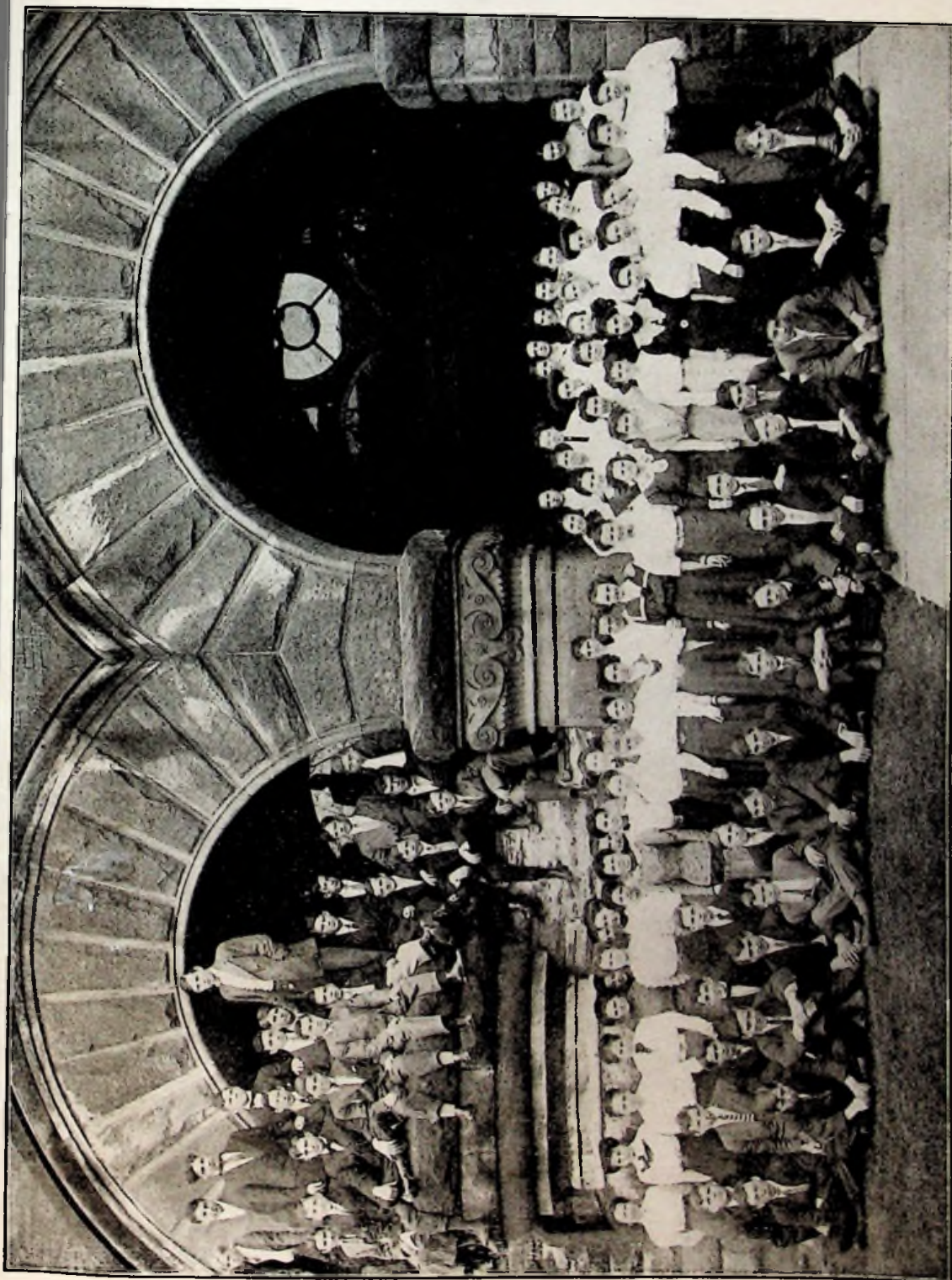
Just now we are looking toward Junior town. For a part of us, at least, the journey has been very tedious. From the first days of the school year, we noticed something the matter with our Caesar horses. They have been most decidedly lame all year. No amount of prodding and spurring, on our part, would urge them on to the usual gait, until our good friend Mr. Hall came to our relief. He politely told us to dismount, and be ready to aid Mr. Helter, Miss Brown and Miss Garrison, whose specialty was to treat the ailments of Latin horses. With the utmost patience and kindness did the doctors minister to our mounts and to us, for we were very badly shaken up, as one is apt to be after riding a lame horse. For five weeks they loyally aided us, and if we are not far better prepared for the rest of our journey it is not their fault.





Junior Class Officers.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	BYRON CRIDER
VICE PRESIDENT	-	-	-	GEORGE LEONARD
SECRETARY	-	-	-	HELEN GIFFORD
TREASURER	-	-	-	WARD PRINKEY
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	-	-	-	LAWRENCE HUGHES



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll.

Winifred Angle
 Esther Barton
 Hazel Biever
 Anna Boyd
 Clara Balliet
 Hazel Cashell
 Ellstatia Clark
 Gladys Downing
 Helen Eichelberger
 Evelyn Ferguson
 Madge Gorman
 Helen Gifford
 Iva Griffith
 Eolis Greenlee
 Ruth Hale
 Louise Haag
 Fannie Heffner
 Mary Irwin
 Grace Kern
 Helen King
 Helen Krohn
 Francis Loomis
 Martha Luch
 Helen Lemen
 Carrie Ludwig
 Marguerite McClellan
 Rhea Martin
 Kathleen McClane
 Mabel Miles
 Ruth Miller
 Harriet Nail
 Sadie Netting
 Clinnie Painter
 Marion Rowland
 Anna Remy
 Edna Sommer
 Clarabel Stoodt
 Abbie Showers
 Zelda Schatzer
 Louise Schneider
 Mary Stull
 Martha Sheriff
 Ethel Seaman
 Lucille Upson

Myrtle Van Antwerp
 Marguerite Van Ness
 Mary Waring
 Pearl Wierman
 Robert Bushnell
 George Biddle
 Russel Bissman
 David Boals
 Leonard Coulter
 Herbert Carter
 Byron Crider
 Charles Clark
 Jay Ferree
 Homer Fox
 Harold Grandon
 Chauncey Gates
 Karl Henry
 Karl Herring
 Cloyd Helter
 Wilber Hegnauer
 Lawrence Hughes
 Ray Kline
 George Leonard
 Edward Longsdorf
 Richard Laver
 Douglass Miller
 Earl O'Brein
 Edwin Oberlin
 Clinton Painter
 Dick Porch
 Ward Prinkey
 Henry Rigby
 Ralph Rust
 Clarence Schill
 Paul Schafer
 Albert Schad
 Howard Sword
 Carl Stander
 Jay Thuma
 Leroy Willis
 Clarence Wolf
 George Wisebarth
 Bert Wierman

Junior Class Poem.

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior—I've been
them all,

And by the time another year can fall
I will have learned the limit of the place ;
Thereafter may some college see my face.

It took the Freshman year to get the pace,
The next was futured with a pathless space ;
This year can I look out and well discern
The end—thence almost to another turn.

If all the years I dream from out life's deck
Can be as full of pleasure without fleck
As this, then shall I murmur nevermore
Against the fate that left me on this shore.



Junior Class History.

When we first came aboard this areoplane (it's name is "1911") our misgivings were many. Most of us were frightened or wary of her, for this was our first trip. Aeronaut Hall soothed the terrified passengers who threatened to jump overboard, and doctored with skillful hand the (hot) air sick ones. He was assisted in the work by a corps of kind and patient helpers.

We had just become used to the motion when a black, threatening, cloud descended upon us. While Exam. cloud hovered over us, every one was gloomy and despondent. After it passed, nearly all again began to enjoy the travels and by the end of the year, we were eager for more. The next trip was enjoyed very much by all the passengers. Some had been overcome by Exam. cloud, and some had fallen overboard after starting. However, the most of us valiantly kept on our way.

And now for the third time we are on our journey in a red and white aeroplane, and so far we have progressed very well. We hope soon to reach the end of our journey and are looking forward eagerly to the time next year, when we shall in a smoothly sailing airship, lead the procession across the sky to the castle of learning.





Junor-Senior Reception

The evening of the first of April was the time chosen by the Juniors to give the annual reception to the Seniors. Preparations had been in progress for some time and the result was one which amply repaid their efforts.

The colors used throughout were the colors of the High School, white and red. The auditorium, with its beautiful decorations, presented a scene of gay festivity. A large red bell was suspended from the chandelier in the center of the ceiling, from which bunting was looped to the sides of the room. At the front of the stage a huge flag was artistically draped and used for a drop curtain, other flags decorating the walls.

As the guests ascended to the auditorium they were each presented with a program of the evening's entertainment. These were in the form of small red and white pennants, tied with red ribbon, marked '11 and '10.

The program opened with an overture by the orchestra. This was followed by an address of welcome from the Junior president, Byron Crider, to which the Senior president, Clarence Martin, responded. Wilbur Hegnauer's vocal solo, "The Gypsy Song", was rendered in a most commendable manner. Mr. Bellingham then delighted the audience with the beautiful song, "Daphne's Love."

The programe was completed by the farce, "The Deaf Man." Winifred Angle played the part of Eglantine in a charming manner, while Lawrence Hughes, as her father, was most realistic. The portrayal of the darkey, Boniface, by Ray Kline, threw the audience into an uproar of laughter. Russell Bissman played the role of the dashing Placida in a praiseworthy manner. Robert Bushnell took the part of the field keeper, and Leroy Willis that of the gardner.

After the farce a delicious luncheon was served in the dining rooms. The guests then assembled about the piano, or sought out the picturesque cozy corners and spent the time in genial conversation for the rest of the evening.

At a late hour all departed congratulating the Juniors on the success of the reception.





HOLDSTEIN '10

Senior Officers.

PRESIDENT	-	-	CLARENCE MARTIN
VICE PRESIDENT	-	-	RIO JUDSON
SECRETARY	-	-	ALICE BARTON
TREASURER	-	-	WILLIAM ANDERSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	-		HARRY HOLSTEIN

INEZ MCKEE :

" Always gayest of the gay ".

JOSEPH HILTON :

" O blithe newcomer ".

MARY MCBEE :

" She has a kindly spirit and a friendly air ".

ROY GARDNER :

" Our thoughts and our conduct are our own ".

NITA BRANSON :

" Cares not a pin what they say or may say ".





OLGA SCHMIDT :

" When words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain ".

BYRON MCCREADY :

" Assertion is not argument ; to contradict a statement of an opponent is not proof that you are correct ".

RUTH GUENTHER :

" A beautiful eye that makes silence eloquent ".

ROGER AU :

" Time elaborately thrown away ".

REBEKAH MACDANIEL :

" The effective coquetry is innocence ".

WILLIAM ANDERSON :

"Rare almost as great poets, are consummate men of business".

ALBERTINE LANG :

"Frailty, thy name is woman".

JUDSON SUPER :

"Thy voice is celestial melody".

ESTHER WILCOX :

"Why do you laugh"?

NORMAN STOODT :

"As good be out of the world as out of fashion".



THE ANNUAL



EMMA SCHNEIDER :

" Silence is one great art of conversation ".



RIO JUDSON :

" Surely that man is a broom-stick ".



FAYE REYNOLDS :

" Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow ".



EMMET CASEY :

" Men of few words are the best men ".



SOPHIA FLOCKENZIER :

" Contentment in solitude ".

THE ANNUAL

LOIS TAPPAN :

" I'll not budge an inch ".

THOMAS SCOTT :

" A dim religious light ".

BERTHA FRANK :

" There is only one antidote for coquetry and that is true love ".

GEORGE BLECKER :

" Lax in his gaiter, laxer in his gait ".

OLLIE MEILY :

" What sweet delight a quiet life affords ".





MILO NEWTON :

"How inimitably graceful children are before they learn to dance".



ETHEL LEPP0 :

"Little said is easiest mended".



HARRY HOLDSTINE :

"A man may laugh and yet be a villain".



ANNA SULZER :

"I can promise to be candid but I may not be impartial".



EARL POLLOCK :

"And when there's a lady in the case,
You know all other things give place".

THE ANNUAL

MARION RHOADES :

“ And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew ”.

BERTIE APPLEMAN :

“ The highest pleasure of life is love ”.

LEO CORBET :

“ Because I will not do the wrong to mistrust any, I will
do myself the right to trust none. I will live a
bachelor ”.

PEARL FLOCKEN :

“ Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low ”.

CORELL ERDENBERGER :

“ What is the little one thinking about ”?
“ Why, wonderful things, no doubt ”.





MARY FREDERICK :

" Her mind her kingdom, her will her law ".



JAMES WENDLING :

" Greater men have lived, but I don't believe it ".



KATHERINE LOOMIS :

" High erected thoughts seated in the heart of court-
esy ".



EARL SCHULER :

" Content to pursue the even tenor of his way ".



RUTH GADSBY :

" Her crowning glory is always done up beautifully ".

THE ANNUAL

HELEN STEELE :

"Let the world slide ; let the world go ;
A fig for care, a fig for woe".

FRANK YARGER :

"The world knows nothing yet of its great men."

HELEN BRUNK:

" The silence of pure innocence succeeds when speaking
fails ".

CLARENCE MARTIN :

" What signifies sadness? A man grows lean upon it ".

LOIS FINNEY :

" A blush is beautiful, but sometimes inconvenient ".



THE ANNUAL



CHARLES MARSHALL :

" Bashfulness is an ornament to youth ".



RUTH WEBBER :

" I find that nonsense is at times singularly refreshing ".



JAY SAUERBREY :

" He wears the rose of youth upon him ".



CHARLOTTE MOORE :

" The studious class is its own victim ".



CARL OSWALT :

" Shut up in measureless content ".

JUDD COLWELL :

" It's a plague to be too handsome a man "

Pench

NELLIE VANANTWERP :

" Brevity is a charm of eloquence "

FRANK UNDERWOOD :

" He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat "

ADA ACKERMAN :

" A face more fair, a form more neat, it ne'er hath been my luck to meet "

PEARL BAKER :

" A man of the world must seem to be what he wishes to be "





CLARA CALVERT :

"A kindly, quiet spirit where malice finds no home".



ARCHIE NIXON :

"Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune".



ZADA MCCURDY :

"So calm, so steady, so true was her nature".



RUSSELL HARBAUGH :

"Such a modest youth".



RUTH BURNESON :

"A tender heart and a will inflexible"

THE ANNUAL

INEZ BLOCHER :

“ There is a gift beyond the reach of art of being eloquently silent ”.

GUY SWORD :

“ An honest man's word is as good as his bond ”.

ERCIE LEWIS :

“ The art of pleasing consists of being pleased ”.

JOHN FRIBLEY :

“ Choice words and measured phrase beyond the ordinary mortals reach ”.

MARGARET DAVIDSON :

“ A miracle, she speaks ”.





CHARLES STECKER :

"It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale".



EDNA BAUGHMAN :

"A constant spirit bubbling over with laughter".



HAROLD HENRY :

"Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places".



ALICE BARTON :

"Studios let me sit".



JOHN MASSA :

"Small things are not small if great results come of them".

IVA SCHAFER :

" Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light ".

EMMETT LAUTSBAUGH :

" My only books were womens' looks, and folly's is all
they've taught me."

IVA MURPHY :

" Hurrah for the 17th. of March ".

EVERETT SILCOTT :

" Much study is a weariness to the flesh ".



Senior Poem

I sing of High School days gone by,
We've spent within these learned halls,
I sing of Wisdom and her ways,
Pursued at Duty's welcome (?) calls.

At first we followed verdant streams,
Pursuing knowledge from afar;
And patiently we trudged along,
And sought her portals to unbar.

With measured tread, the second year,
We kept the gate before our view,
Tho many lagged behind, our heads
With egotism swelled and grew

In Junior year, we strolled along,
With still more slow and measured pace;
And many languidly gave up,
Content to drop out from the race.

Now, soon thru Wisdom's portals wide,
We've drunk of her Pierian Spring
We'll drink it deeply e'er we leave
And to her feet will laurels bring.



The End

Senior Class History

Now that the glamorous years of High School life are almost past, and the sharp edges of our past experiences are dulled, if not entirely worn away by the sobering effect of twenty recitations a week, we can sanely and seriously look back in those happy years and plainly see their follies.

As Freshman we committed the serious folly of thinking we were "it." But alas for us, scoffed at by Sophomores, smiled at by Juniors, and lorded over by Seniors, we were soon made to feel our proper places. However, we bore up bravely under these humiliations and entered M. H. S. as Sophomores, more conceited than ever.

In our second year we became more reckless, our visits to the office more and more frequent (for what reasons we discreetly refuse to say), and we attempted to pay back with compound interest the insults we received as Freshmen.

As Juniors we conducted ourselves with the utmost propriety until reception time. Then we gave vent to all our stored-up energy and cut classes right and left until the teachers raised a hue and cry. However, as finals drew near, we began to have a faint conception of the seriousness of life and follies of past years. The next year we assumed the title of Seniors and walked forth in our splendor. This was the time to strut with elevated heads among the lower classmen; to "cut" with reckless abandon and awe the Freshmen. This was the time to prepare for graduation with all its attending duties, to neglect all else. And we did it.

Soon we will leave the familiar halls;—soon our paths must separate. Each will enter a new sphere. Some may write names on the Halls of Fame. But we will all look back with pleasure, indeed, affection, to the joys—yea, even the follies of M. H. S.



Retrospection



As I read the daily papers
Of the great men and the less,
Of the feats of brain and muscle
Done by graduates of M. H. S.,

I think of those by-gone days:
Those days of sport and bustle,
When energy was the helm,
With all its rush and hustle.

For the truth of all the history
That I will now relate,
I refer to Clarence Martin,
The Governor of state.

He shares his lofty station
With one of our old gang,
She was known in the olden days
As Miss Albertine Lang.

Harry Holdstein owns a clothing store,
And sets a merry pace;
He is making friends and fortune
With his handsome, genial face.

John Fribley is a candidate,
For the presidential chair
His socialistic arguments
Are considered very rare.

A famous horticulturalist,
Is our class-mate, Byron McCready;
The other day he came to town
And really looked quite "seedy."

Rebekah McDaniel teaches Latin
In a little country school;
Her motto is and always was
To use the hickory rule.

Ollie Meiley's name is changed
Now she lives in Wooster,
Pounding on the typewriter,
In the same way she "uster."

Ruth Webber is a stenographer,
And she also keeps some books,
Some characters may slip her mind
But she ne'er forgets the "hooks."

THE ANNUAL

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Archie Nixon, where you are
Up above the world they say
Where we trust you'll always stay.

A new theatrical star
With the name of Olga Schmidt,
Has appeared on the horizon
And is making quite a hit.

Harold Henry, our old class-mate,
Has certainly made a mark:
He long has been considered
The greatest billiard shark.

Edna Baughman long ago
Became a banker's wife
And now in great contentment
She lives a happy life.

Earl Schuler is an orator
Great as in days of yore,
When he begins his arguments
They stampede for the door.

She surely has achieved success
Who cooks a tasty meal;
Ruth Guenther can, I know,
And so can Helen Steel.

Charlotte Moore is chairman
Of the Christian Science Group.
Pearl Flocken has discovered
A preventative for croup.

Inez McKee runs a hat store,
In cahoots with Lois Tappan;
They have the very latest styles
Before they ever happen.

Anna Sulzer took the work
Dropped by Carrie Nation;
She's making most as great a hit;
As big a reputation.

Emmett Casey, an astronomer,
Who understands the stars,
Has had communication
With the fair sex up in Mars.

Iva Murphy is a member
Of a large official force;
Norman Stoodt spends time and money
Betting on his favorite horse.

THE ANNUAL

Lois Finney made great finds
In the field of chemistry;
Milo Newton is a suitor
For the hand of Mary McBee.

Iva Schafer is a member
Of the Red Cross Relief Corps;
Esther Wilcox is cashier
In a large department store.

Text books on zoology
Were writ by brother Rhodes;
He gives us fine descriptions
Of turtles, frogs and toads.

Guy Sword is writing
For the Travel Magazine;
Roger Au is a detective
Very sharp and keen.

Frank Underwood a fortune made,
Inventing endless motion;
Faye Reynolds caught a nobleman
And lives across the ocean.

The world has been enlightened
By the works of Emma Schneider.
Bertie Appleman a circus joined,
Is now a bareback rider

Miss McCurdy followed Cannon
As speaker of the House;
Recently she passed a bill
To kill off every mouse.

Ruth Burneson is a lady
Of honor and renown;
She lives above a tea store
In the center of the town.

Earl Pollock plays at football,
The star of U. S. punters,
Lately he was injured
By a crowd of "bargain hunters."

Roy Gardner plays at basket ball
On the all-star Mud Hen team;
Every time he shoots a basket
He awakens from his dream.

John Massa is the parson
Of a little district church.
Katherine Loomis, the best teacher
That ever wielded birch.

THE ANNUAL

Erdenberger is a farmer
Who tills the soil with skill.
Clara Calvert found it needful
To build a powder mill.

Leo Corbett is a pugilist
Who never rose to fame,
Since the only thing he punches
Are tickets on a train.

Steamboats always were a hobby
Of our class-mate, Rio Judson;
Now he runs a ferry-boat
Up and down the Hudson.

Albert Fiedler by his talking
Soon became an auctioneer;
He now frets and lights the fires
For Sophia Flockenzier.

The best of fit is always had
At the store of Helen Brunk.
Carl Oswalt goes from town to town
With an organ and a "monk."

Jay Sauerbrey is a lawyer
In a large western town
The laws and cases taught at school
Now bring him great renown.

Charles Marshall is a porter
In an up-to-date hotel.
Mary Frederick moved to Kneedmore
And is there the village belle.

James Leonard hasn't lighted yet:
He still is soaring high;
Last week he bought an aeroplane
To sail up in the sky.

Nell VanAntwerp is a worker,
In a far off heathen land.
James Wendling plays the brass horn
In a little German band.

Charles Stecker is a player
On the N. Y. Baseball squad.
George Blecker has just settled down
And now is carrying a hod.

Will Anderson, the thoughtful,
Is now a man of rank
And in a little cottage
Resides with Bertha Frank.

T H E A N N U A L

Ada Ackerman lives in Lucas
In a house built just for two;
Emmett Lautsbaugh lives in Lucas
And in the same house too.

Jud Colwell is editor
Of the Bugville Times Gazette.
Frank Yarger owns an air-ship line
And has aeroplanes to let.

Tom Scott is a grand master
Of the jolly bunch of "Gusses:"
He rides around the country
In the best of Omnibuses.

Nightly, Inez Blecker lectures
On woman's rights and wrongs,
With her power of elocution
She thrills the gathered throngs.

Pearl Baker owns a cafe
And mixes various dopes;
Ethel Leppo is still single
And has given up all hopes.

Nita Branson is an actress
The like you seldom see;
A preacher's wife Miss Lewis is
Or hopes some day to be.

Joe Hilton spoke in public once
And got a shower of eggs;
Everett Silcott is a master
In the art of rolling kegs.

Judson Super is a sailor
On the stormy northern seas.
Russel Harbaugh loafs away the time
Down upon the quays.

Ruth Gadsby is a singer,
With wondrous modulation,
Every time she sings in public
She is met with approbation.

Margaret Davidson's an artist,
Without a peer or equal.
Rio eloped with Alice B.
A very fitting sequel.

THE ANNUAL

IN MEMORIAM.

On Sunday morning, September 26, 1909, Superintendent Charles Liggett Van Cleve, of Toledo, died of apoplexy. He had been in the best of health and spirits, making the shock to his family and friends all the greater. In the prime of his manhood, just when his prospects were brightest for the highest success in the work he loved, he passed beyond the shadow, and this state sustained a great loss. Funeral services were held at Toledo, Wednesday morning at 8:30. At 10 o'clock the funeral train left for Troy, Ohio, where he was buried the same afternoon. A large number of Superintendents and other educators assembled at Toledo to pay their last tribute of respect, and a still larger number attended the services at Troy.

Mr. Van Cleve became Superintendent of the Mansfield schools in 1902. After a period of service of five years here, came his election to the Superintendency of the Toledo schools. The pupils, teachers and citizens of Mansfield loved and respected him. They recognized his stability of character and his untiring energy. He won the trust and respect of everyone because of his devotion to the highest ideals of Christian living, of domestic virtue and of public rectitude.

His clean, manly character and his ideals of life were an inspiration to all who came within his personal influence. Hundreds of men and women are better men and women because Van Cleve lived. A better monument than can be made from bronze or marble exists for him in the love and respect for his memory in the hearts of his pupils and friends.

Filled with sorrow by his death, we yet rejoice in the life he has lived; vigorous, scholarly, fearless and uncompromising when any question of integrity was at stake; a life which will ever be an inspiration to all who knew him.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.





ORGANIZATIONS.

ATHLETICS



After last year's splendid teams had given us just cause to have the "swell head", we were compelled to buy smaller hats again after the unenviable records made by this year's teams. Base ball has not been started yet, but we have better prospects for a good team in this line of sport than in any other. But after all, those teams which were poor this year will be better next, since scarcely any team is badly crippled from the loss of players by graduation.

The spirit of the High School toward athletics is growing weaker, but it will never die, and will surely grow stronger with the teams.

Mr. Marting has taken especial pains to elevate the athletics to the high plane upon which they now rest. As a coach he is a "dandy", and as a financial manager—well, we haven't ended a season of any kind of athletics with a deficit since he has been handling the money.





THE WEARERS OF THE M

Au
Longsdorf
Schwier
McCready
Schad
Shaw
Hughes

Remy
Judson
Pollock
Tappan
T Scott
Hagerman
Stoodt

Super, Capt.

THE ANNUAL

FOOTBALL

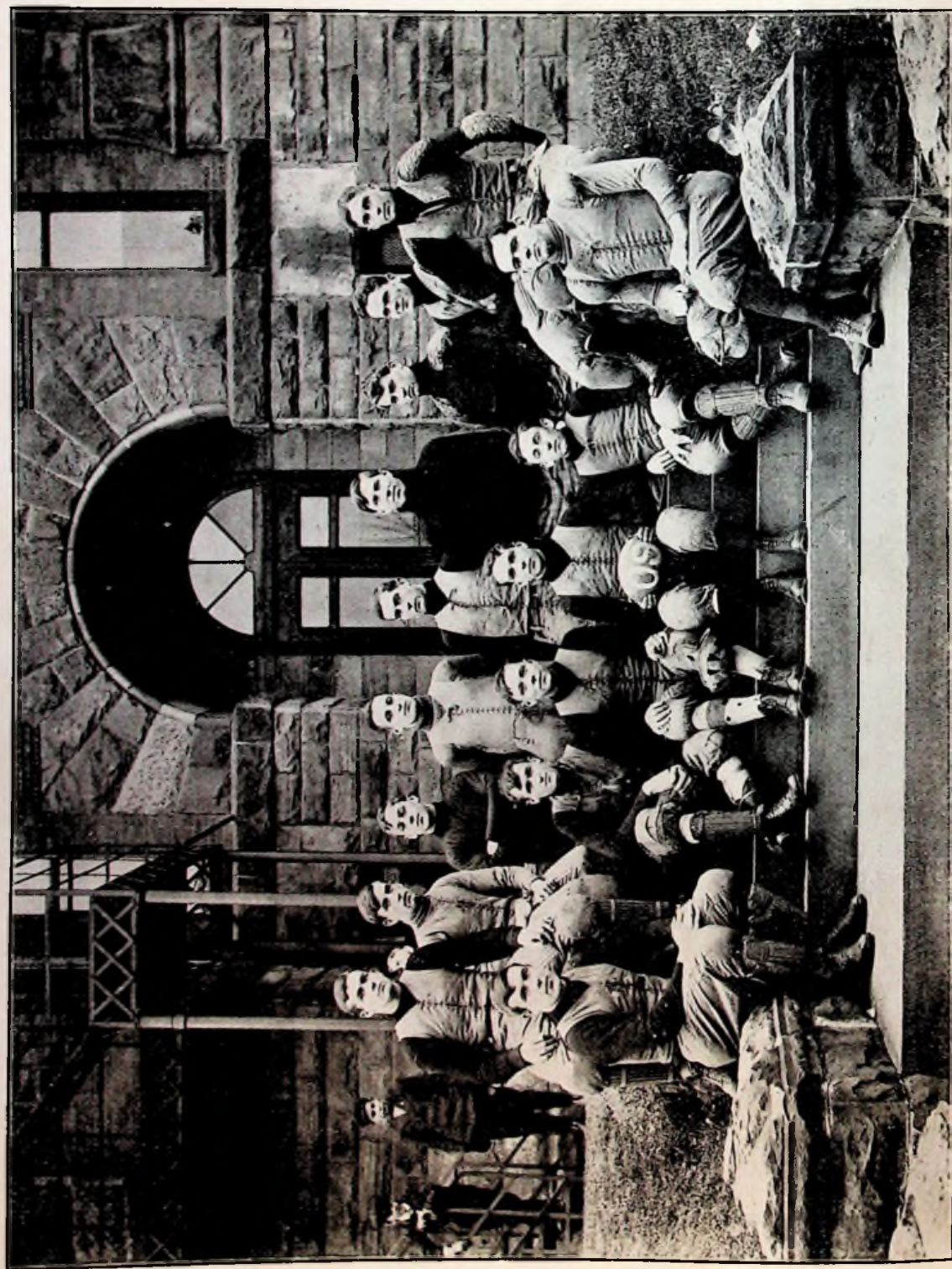


Things looked rather blue for a good football team when Coach Marting raised the first cry for football candidates and looked bluer still when the team was sent down to defeat with a score of 18 to 0 by Massillon High, who afterwards proved to be the state high school champions. But as the season progressed the outlook became better and better until the team became known as one of the fastest teams in the whole state.

SCORES.

Mansfield High.	0	Massillon High.	18
Mansfield High.	6	Shelby High.	0
Mansfield High.	0	Akron High.	26
Mansfield High.	6	Bucyrus High.	5
Mansfield High.	33	Medina High.	0
Mansfield High.	6	Bucyrus High.	10
Mansfield High.	22	Ashland College.	6
Mansfield High.	31	Norwalk High.	0
Mansfield High.	49	Mt Vernon High Ex.	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Mansfield High.	153	Opponents.	65







THE WEARERS OF THE M

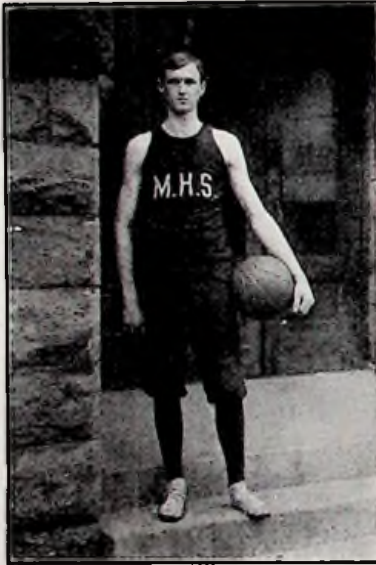
Longsdorf
Super

Judson, Capt.

Remy
W. Scott

THE ANNUAL

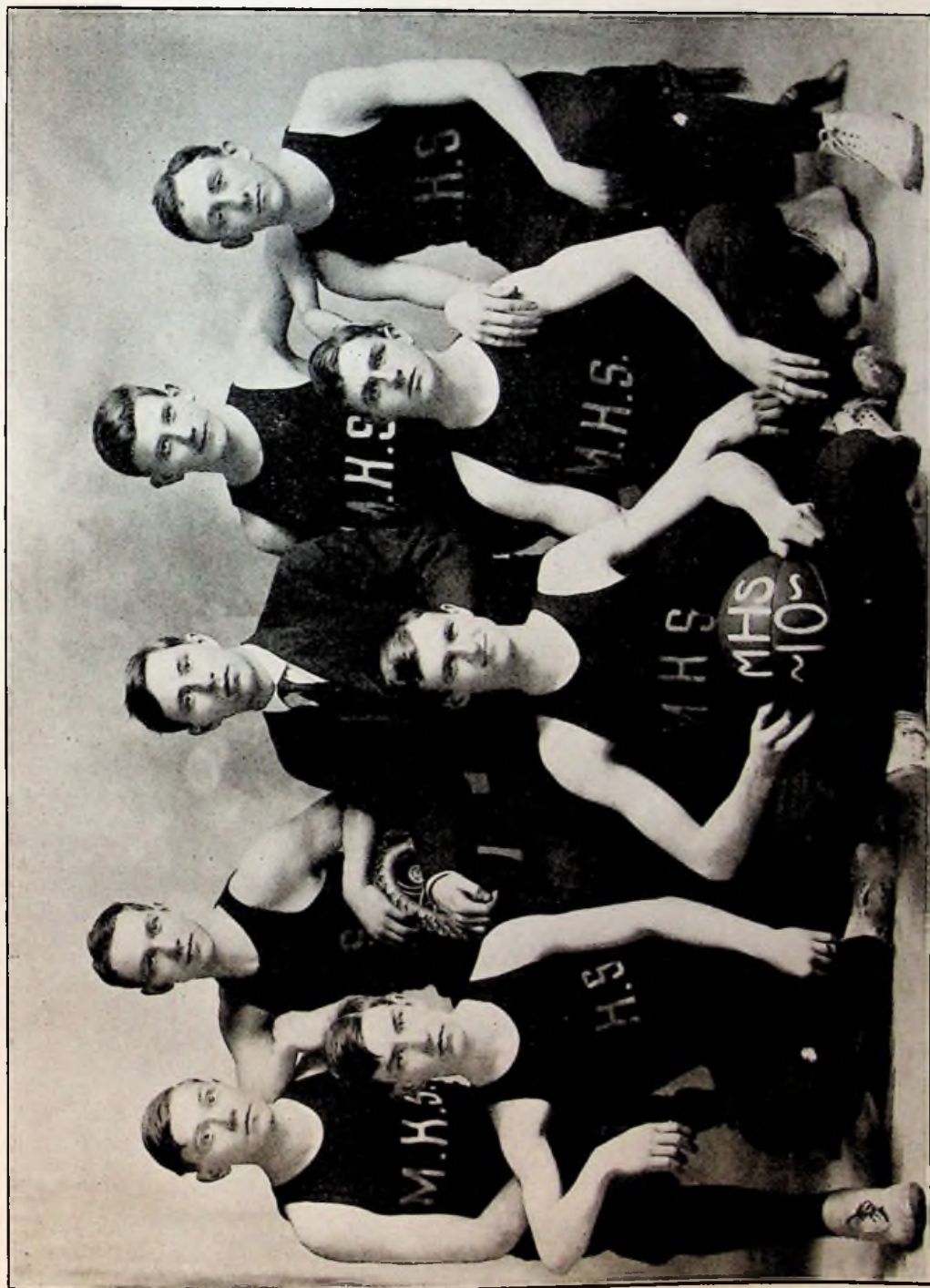
BASKET BALL



The basket ball season as a whole was only partly successful, but considering the fact that the team was made up entirely of "green material" the work was in the highest degree commendable. The great feat of the season was the defeating of Mt. Vernon High School by the score of 114 to 1. At the Ohio Wesleyan basket ball tournament we lost the first game to West Milton High, thus forfeiting the opportunity to play in the finals.

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

M. H. S.	28	Alumi.	78
M. H. S.	19	New Philadelphia H. S.	27
M. H. S.	114	Mt. Vernon H. S.	1
M. H. S.	21	Ashland Orioles	22
M. H. S.	17	Oberlin "Cads"	86
M. H. S.	74	Ashland Orioles	16
M. H. S.	42	Y. M. C. A. Reps.	37
M. H. S.	14	Akron High	79
M. H. S.	25	Ashland College	16
M. H. S.	23	Wooster High	25
M. H. S.	27	Oberlin "Cads"	44
M. H. S.	42	Massillon High	14
M. H. S.	13	Crestline High	28
M. H. S.	25	Wooster High	24
M. H. S.	16	Massillon High.	34
M. H. S.	25	Y. M. C. A. Reps.	32
M. H. S.	37	Galion High	17
M. H. S.	78	Crestline High	14
M. H. S.	38	Galion High	10
M. H. S.	28	Y. M. C. A. Reps.	14



BASKET BALL TEAM.



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BASE BALL



It was decided to discontinue baseball for this season because of its inability to support itself financially. But later the faculty manager permitted us to arrange games away from home.

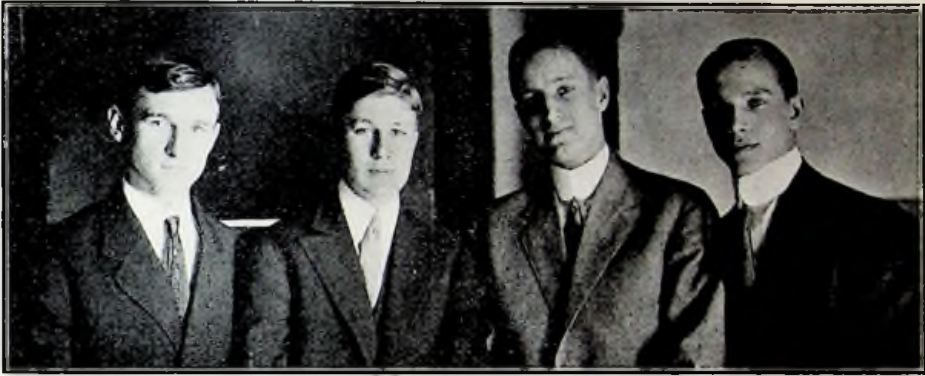
The team looks as good as ever with a goodly number of last year's team in school and plenty of good material to fill up the "holes" caused by graduation. If any men can get a good team out of the material at hand they are Coach Marting and Captain Stoodt.



THE ANNUAL



MIXED QUARTETTE.



MALE QUARTETTE



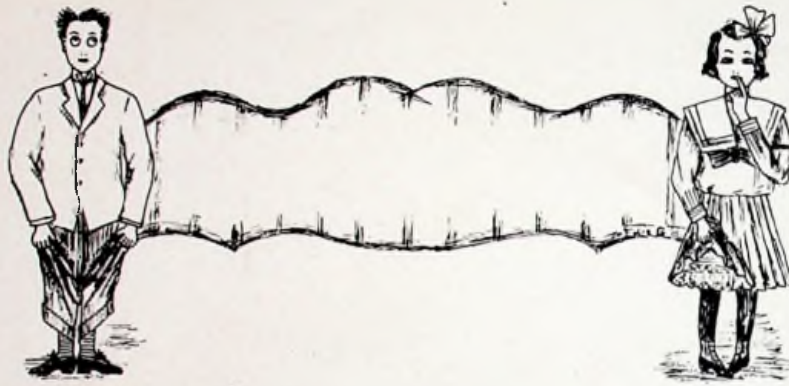
Side Lights on The Quartette



ORCHESTRA



SENIOR GLEE CLUB



Rhetoricals.

Every year many changes are made in the course of study. This year a new branch, that of public speaking, has been introduced under the direction of Mr. Welday. Classes for one period a week were formed among the Juniors and Seniors. The text-book "Public Speaking," by Fulton and Trueblood, was adopted by the school board, to be used in this study.

Besides the weekly classes, several programs have been given. The first one took place the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. A short miscellaneous program was followed by a selection from the play, Rip Van Winkle. At the Christmas Rhetoricals were given recitations, discussions and parts of "The Birds' Christmas Carol."

The last program was given on Lincoln's birthday. The most interesting feature of this entertainment was the debate on, "Resolved that Capital Punishment should be Abolished." The affirmative was upheld by George Biddle and Ralph Rust, while the negative was defended by John Fribley and Archie Nixon. After a spirited rebuttal the negative won.

Although Mr. Welday's classes have been interrupted a great many times by the sickness and absence of teachers, whose places he was obliged to fill, they have never-the-less been a decided success and we feel that a long-felt want has been supplied by the introduction of this new branch.





The Bigot

He loudly did contend the earth was flat;
Denied it moved; declared it never spun;
Stood still in space—the only one
The Mighty Architect did build, and that
It never changed the least since time'd begun.
He was of the belief that His fiat,
The Written Word, could all men heed; and
shun

The shadows which the devil's art begat.
He never read the books that would inform,
Or reasoned with himself. But still was he
A happy soul to whom conceit was bliss.

Thus stirred a block. It only could perform,
But never think. And sentimentally he'd
say:

“Twice two are five; faith proves all this”.



The Discovery of America

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa at an early age. His father and mother were both Italians, and I believe he was one, too. They named him Christopher so that he could become the famous Christopher Columbus. Christopher then jumped into the Rubicon and said, "the die is cast." He made an egg stand on end, and then said, "I must now go and discover America."

But Christopher was poor and hadn't any ships. So he went to the King and said, "King, help me discover America." But the King said, "sh-h, let's go in here and have one." Then he got Columbus off in one corner, and said, "See, here, Mr. Columbus, don't be a fool. Let those Yankees alone, or you'll stir up a big mess of trouble. America doesn't need discovery. Just wait till Teddy Roosevelt comes along, and he will let us know it's there."

But Christopher went away, shaking his head sadly, and muttered: "Ah me! I must discover America. Give me liberty or give me death, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

So Christopher asked some more kings, but they said, "No, we are happy without America. Stand pat, Chris. old boy! Let well enough alone! Chicago and New York are too wicked to be discovered."

Then Columbus was mightily discouraged; and he sat down, and while he was sitting there he happened to remember that verse in the Third Reader;

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

And he decided to play his queens next, to see if he couldn't take the trick that way. So he went to queen Isabella of Spain, and said, "Queen, what a beautiful hat you have on! Won't you help me discover America?" And Isabella said, "Why, of course I will, Chris., you old flatterer. Do you really think it is becoming? And just think, it only cost \$4.98," etc., etc., etc., and so forth.

So Queen Isabella set Columbus up to three schooners, and Columbus sailed over the raging main. He sailed, and sailed, and sailed, and then sailed some more and didn't see a solitary thing except water. On the way, his crew joined the Union and got up a strike. They went to Columbus and said, "See here, Mr. Columbus, we won't sail more than eight hours a day after this. See? You old bloated capitalist."

Then Columbus gave them each a gum drop and they were satisfied. Then they sailed some more. One day they saw something sticking up out of the water, and they yelled, "Hooray, it's land." And it was!

When they got nearer they saw some figures, dancing and yelling like mad. And Columbus said, "Shade of George Washington; they act like Indians." And that's how the Indians got their name.

When they got nearer, Columbus called and asked, "Are you Indians?" "Yes," answered the chief, "are you Columbus?"

"I cannot tell a lie," sobbed our hero. "I am."

"Then we are discovered," said the Indian. "Here are the books. Examine them and see what the shortage is. A woman drove me to it."

Then Columbus landed, and said, "It's good to be on terra cotta again. Has

Dr. Cook been sneaking around here?" And the Indians told him that Dr. Cook had not come further west than the Canary Islands.

So Christopher telegraphed back to Queen Isabella, "Dear Izzie; Have made good. Got the flag nailed to America. Don't believe anything Dr. Cook says. Got him nailed, too. The old liar, rascal, impostor and scoundrel." (Copyright 1492).

And Isabella telegraphed back, "Good. Bring Marshall Field's catalog back with you. Ferdinand wants to know who won, Detroit or Pittsburg."

So Columbus set up a fruit store and, when he had enough money, sailed back to Spain. I think he then went on the lecture platform for awhile. He made three more trips to America, and on the last one the Black Hand got him and put him in chains. Later on he died. After he died he was buried. He is still dead.

Columbus had a good character and never got married. Also he never got divorced and never told a lie. He suffered many misfortunes. Columbus, Ohio, was named after him.

He was the first Italian that ever came to this country, but he set the fashion, and now never a day goes by without some dagoes buying transportation to America.



Melancholia

Another sun has set,
Another day is passed ;
Has left with all its toil and fret
One nearer to the last.
And all alone I think
Upon my life's weak chain ;
As yet 'tis short, yet every link
Was welded with a pain.
Blame not him in the wrong
Who sees two sides of life;
Whose litany is not a song
When half his term is strife.
Since in a fatal hour
This mind was given birth,
He never let me love the flower,
But only showed the earth.
Oh, pity him who keeps
His misery alone;
Who quick forgets the joy he meets,
To bear his burden home.
To him who thus is cursed
Existence is a sham,
The better take he for the worse,
His blessings for a ban.

The howl of wind I hear,
The whistle's distant shriek;
The cup doth spill the perfect beer,
Its dregs can never leak.
Our friendship that is dead,
And words that carry grief,
The melancholy soul is fed
And filled without relief.
By day all nature plots
My ardor to destroy,
Its cogencies are casting lots
And make my thread a toy.
To toss and wait on sleep
Will ever be for him
Whose thoughts are with his woes re-
plete;
Fiends haunt sleeps interim.
As sure as Mars doth burn
And slumber's sweet as death,
I came here but this truth to learn;
There's nothing gained in breath.
Another sun has set,
Another day has passed;
We fain would live our days, but yet
A sweet day is the last.



A Practical Joke on a Practical Joker.

Dudes are usually disliked by students. In this case the dude was Algerton Stross, a young fellow whose only bad habit was a weakness for dress. His troubles began when he tried to combine a short-cut coat and a silk tile, which easily made him the most conspicuous object of the school, and he a Freshman, too.

This combination began to get on Jack Owen's nerves. Jack was a practical joker, whose delight was to humiliate "Freshies", and Algy was to be his next victim. He had already procured a large quantity of rotten eggs, a crowd of boys to throw them, and a place to ambush poor Algy. The only part of the joke uncompleted was, how to draw the victim into the trap.

Knowing that Algy could be found almost any evening in Blackie Scott's room, Jack made Blackie a visit.

"Say, old man, if I let you in on a good joke will you help us through with it?"

"Sure!" grinned Blackie.

"Well, you tell Algy to get ready and I'll call around and take him out to see some lady friend. Think it will work?"

"Sure! he's daffy after girls. Why, he'll jump at the chance", responded Blackie. "Say, don't be a clam, open up, what's the rest of it?"

"Well", cautiously began Jack, "when we leave here I'll suggest the short cut through the lumber yard. See? Just when we come to the center of the yard, Hardy is to whistle. I drop, and the rotten eggs fall on our beloved friend, Algerton Stross. Oh, lordy! I can see him now", laughed Jack as he left the room.

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Blackie to himself. "I suppose he's forgotten that ice bath he gave me last week, and the dozens of other beastly tricks he's played on me".

"Well, my dearly beloved friend", he grinned, imitating Jack, "we'll turn the tables on you or know the reason why," and he chuckled to himself.

Soon after Algy came to chat with Blackie.

"Say, Algy, want to meet some young ladies this evening?"

"Who? Where? Most certainly I do", exclaimed the excited Algy.

It is unnecessary to follow their conversation, but, sufficient to say, that Algy left Blackie's room with instructions to stumble just in the middle of the lumber yard.

The night was very dark and very favorable for Jack's plans. Jack and Algy chatted gaily on, each laughing up his sleeve at the joke that was to be played upon the other. As they entered the lumber yard, each tried to attract the other's attention until they reached the center. Suddenly Algy tripped on something and went down with a loud grunt; instantly a great volley of eggs pouring from every direction crashed with loud reports upon the bewildered Jack. Becoming rattled, he ran with all his might for the nearest dormitory, followed by the crowd of whooping boys, pelting him at every jump.

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Almost out of breath, he dashed for Blackie's room. He entered without knocking. "Oh, lordy!" he gasped, as he heard four girls scream as only frightened girls can, "this 'aint Blackie's room. Oh, it's the girls dormitory!" and he beat a hasty retreat, only to be seized by a lusty janitor, who shook and kicked him till his teeth chattered. But this was not all. A "cop", attracted by the loud screams, came running up just in time to "nab" Jack as he was ejected from the door on the point of a No. 11 boot.

That night he spent in the city jail, with his egg-bespattered clothes on, too.

Algy had seen the "cop" nab poor Jack and hurried to Blackie's room to see what could be done for his release. After listening to the whole story, Blackie simply doubled up with laughter.

With the reputation for doing a thing well while he was at it, Blackie hurried to the police station. After giving the full details of the whole affair to the night chief and the reporter, he asked the chief to release Jack the next morning.

Jack never knew who had obtained his release, but imagine his consternation that evening on looking over the paper to find a glaring headling, reading, "Disgraceful Conduct of a University Student Causes Big Sensation!"

It is safe to say that Jack's career as a practical joker was ended then and there.



Martineau's Experiment

The newest thing about the "new education" is the type of schoolmaster which it has introduced. The grim visaged flogging tyrannical pedagogue our fathers delight to tell about and the traditional birch rod that he rarely spared has vanished with the "little red schoolhouse" that he presided over. His place has been taken by the immaculate, bespectacled college graduate, inclined early to baldness and late to matrimony.

Methods have changed likewise. Fear of the swish of that birch rod used to be the spur that moved lagging young America more rapidly along the path of knowledge; ignorance, there, instead of being a bliss, became more often a blister. But the modern educator, ably flanked by his psychology, tells us that these reluctant toilers must be won over to their involuntary labor through that incomprehensible something said to make the world go round—love. The teacher whose pupils do not feel an affection for him may seek a new vocation. There is no place in the new education for him.

Martineau, the teacher of chemistry in the High School, knew his pedagogy. Though an artist in his line, he knew that as a magnetic personality capable of binding his pupils to him with hoops of steel, he was not a success. And possessing a sensitive soul, he let his knowledge worry him. He assumed the Herculean task of trying to please everybody at the same time; and it is not improbable that his pillow often bore moist evidence of his failure.

Could anything have been more praiseworthy than the persistence and vanity of his efforts to gain the favor of his classes? Could anything have been more discouraging than the futility of his attempts?

He made his lessons easy and his classes called him a "snap," a "cinch" or a "berry." He made the work hard, and they organized a strike.

He was jovial, told stories, and cracked jokes; and they laughed at him and looked solemn at his jests. He was austere and dignified, and they voted him a dry old bore.

He tried sarcasm, and the victims openly rebelled. He tried lavish praise, and the flattered ones, easily convinced of their superior intelligence, at once began to shirk.

He scolded, and they frowned; he plead, and they were indifferent; he pictured the delights of possessing knowledge, and they looked bored.

In short, his inspirational temperature was zero, and there was nothing in his well-thumbed books on "method" to help him out.

There was one winsome little Senior especially that he tried to please, excusing her from recitations occasionally, inflating her term grade, and tramping three miles through a snow storm to take her a book that she asked for. But she was a woman and more changeable than the moon. Martineau was fairly bewildered by her whims, and the smiles he got from her were few and far between.

Thus was Martineau continually disappointed. He was at his wit's end to know just what to do next. Ah! perhaps if he could be a hero, then the respect and affection that he craved would be his.

He studied and conjured. One morning about two, his inspiration came. His plan was instantly formed.

He had just been experimenting with the element volatile, and had discovered that under certain conditions, simple to arrange, it would explode with a momentary flame but a dense outpouring of smoke.

If, in some way, a quantity of this element were to explode, the building would be filled with smoke; and if, at this moment, a certain chemistry teacher should show himself fearless and dauntless amid this apparent danger, would not the aforesaid teacher be recognized? Thus bravely reasoned Martineau. How simple! Why had he not thought of it before?

It was a last resort. Within a week, he had secretly completed his arrangements. From the electric light he attached wires to the clock hands of the laboratory clock and thence to the catch basins. By skillful manipulation he made it possible to send, at any desired time, a current through the basin.

Choosing a favorite morning when he was sure one senior in particular would be present, he turned off the water, filled the basins with the liberal quantity of volatile, set the mechanism to complete the current at nine o'clock—the time for the morning class of girls—and then summoned his class to the laboratory for an experiment.

Having set them busily at work, he found a pretext to leave, and went to his room across the street.

Fifteen minutes passed. The hands of the clock approached nine, closer and closer. Work in the laboratory was going briskly on amid feminine chatter.

Suddenly the climax came. A belch of flame, a surge of blending smoke from twenty volcanic lavations, a simultaneous shriek from twenty feminine throats. Frightened teachers and pupils formed out of the building. Horrified they saw smoke issuing from the laboratory on the third floor, and panic stricken girls with white faces at the windows.

At the psychologic moment, Martineau appeared. Hatless, he rushed across the street, and disappeared into the building.

He thrilled as he bounded up the steps. His plan promised success better even than he had dreamed. Rushing into the laboratory, he found his class huddled together in helpless confusion, with a calmness which his elation made difficult to assume, he spoke to them, marshalled and directed them, piloted them to the fire escape at the rear of the hall and gallantly helped them out onto it. A cheer came up from below.

But where was the winsome Senior? He hastened back to the laboratory, and found her, too weak from shock to move. "Here," cried Martineau, "let me help you out of this quick!" Her answer was cut off by a sudden flash of light, a sharp explosion, the crash of the door as it swung violently shut. Martineau felt a stinging sensation on his cheek, and putting up his hand, found it covered with gore.

Some benzine overturned by a student in the excitement of the first explosion had trickled along the desk, had been ignited by a burning gas flame, and had, in turn, set off the large supply bottle of the same liquid. It was a piece of flying glass that cut Martineau's cheek.

Martineau had not counted on this. His first instinct was self-preservation. He rushed for the door; the catch was sprung. He tried to turn it back, in his terror and bewilderment, but it caught and stuck fast. Another bottle of benzine let go. "My God," he cried, "it is broken and we are locked in! What shall I do!" And he turned as if in appeal to the girl.

And the courage that had oozed out of him seemed to be entering the girl. She straightened up, hastened across the room, fumbled with the lock a moment, and turned it back. Opening the door, she, without looking around and with only one word, "Come," led the way to the fire escape;

Martineau, still dazed and shaken, followed meekly. Following the girl out the window, he was poised upon the sill just as another roar sounded from the laboratory. Either through fear or by the force of the explosion, he was precipitated forward upon the landing.

To the crowd below it looked like the exhaustion that follows heroic exertion. When at length Martineau was able to clamor down to the ground he was seized by a crowd of students, lifted to their shoulders, and given a great ovation.

The next morning, Martineau looked complacently at his image in the mirror. Court plaster decorated his cheek, he had sported a pair of trousers and had lost a laboratory bench—but he was a hero! What recompense! He smiled, and smiled again to see the reflection smile back at him.

And the winsome Senior girl? She kept her counsel; but Martineu tramped no more through three miles of snow to lend her a book.



THE END

The Nightmare

One night when all should be asleep,
Something I heard come down the street.
It walked in through the tight closed door,
Its step I heard on the down hall floor.

I wondered what the sound could be,
But was too scared to go and see.
I heard it starting up the stair,
And gave me such an awful scare.

I wondered where it wished to go,
It seemed to walk so very slow.
One step, two steps, three steps and four,
I hoped that it would come no more.

And when it stood beside my bed
I felt my heart go down like lead.
And when it talked its voice did crack
As though for breath it had a lack.

And all it said in that stern way,
Were these four words, "You'll have to stay".
And then, refusing more to say,
I asked, "What means all this, I pray"?

Then spoke it in a scornful voice,
As though for me was left no choice,
"You failed".





The Wedding March

The odor of anaesthetics was strong in the room, and the form of the little girl was motionless beneath the white covers.

"Mother", the sweet little voice pleaded, "Mother, what does he say about it"?"

The mother, blinded with hot tears, bent over the little figure. "Dearest", she began, then choked with sobs; "Dearest, he says may be nev——"

"Don't go any further, mother. I know now. And mother, tell Gordon not to feel too bad about it, because it was just as much my fault as his. And now", with a brave little smile, "we'll try to be just as happy as ever we can, you know". And there in the stillness of the room the child faced that awful life problem—she would never walk again. When she fell asleep some time later the pillows were wet with tears and the sweet, upturned face still bore their traces.

When the mother left the room she had almost stumbled over a figure huddled at the top of the stairs close to the little girl's room. It was a twelve year-old fellow, crying as if broken hearted. The little girl had been his life-long playmate, and he had thrown her down, and may be she would never walk again.

With tears in his eyes and still shaking with sobs, he went down to the piano and with delicate fingers that would scarcely move he played the little German melody they had both learned to play and to love. "It won't make her well", he remarked, "but it might help some".

The days and weeks passed slowly, and each brought more strength and more help to the little girl. At the end of a year she was able to be braced with pillows and sit up in bed. Another year, and every day one might see the little figure at the window, half buried in the invalid chair. She was twelve then, and she wept bitter tears of envy when she saw the little girls, hair streaming, fly past on their roller skates.

At sixteen, she envied the rosy-cheeked school girls who, with well-worn books under their arms, filed past on their way to school.

Letters came every week from the boy who had gone to school, and then to Europe, and had not been home since three weeks after the accident. They were friendly letters, but six years of separation, with every memory broken, had made the boy forget the girl as she really was, and, being young, he filled the letters with the joy of life and the keen pleasure he took in his work.

Often the girl would draw his last letter from her belt to read of the wonderful progress he was making with his music, while hot tears fell upon the pages and blurred the writing until she could no longer read it.

The day the girl was nineteen, a great physician came and gave her the most wonderful and beautiful birthday present she ever received. It was the message

that with the aid of crutches she might walk again. The girl was very happy, and a beautiful little song fled through her brain, but when she tried to catch it again to sing it, it was gone, and its place was taken by a hundred indistinguishable ones, each with a different melody but the same theme—happiness.

The girl soon learned the use of her crutches and went nimbly about the house, happy and care-free as a child. She had her piano moved out under the trees in the beautiful garden, and, as her strength permitted, she learned to play the exquisite little melodies that had lately filled her mind. It was indeed a strange, strange sight to see the beautiful young girl at the piano in the dusk of evening, and strangers, who did not understand, shook their heads and murmured, "Too bad". One melody had, on account of its stately style, been called The Wedding March, and it became a favorite of the girl's.

Then one day the boy came home, and what a handsome fellow he was; a tall, well-built man of the world. He came constantly to see the girl, and each received keen enjoyment from the long afternoons spent together. The boy delighted in relating to so attentive a listener the wondrous tales he had learned in his foreign travel; and the girl was content to sit and listen, and to watch his face and the restless play of the graceful, muscular hands.

Often, too, they would spend a whole afternoon playing for each other. The beauty and strength with which the boy played the masterpieces charmed the girl, and the sweet simplicity of her melodies delighted and touched the boy beyond measure.

On damp days, when the piano was secure on its small platform under the waterproof covering, which had been made especially for it, hours were spent in the house writing out and putting words to the little songs. One day The Wedding March was in question, and the two heads were bent over the paper. The poem began, "Come forth my love to meet me", and was not suited to music, but the words were so beautiful and the sentiment so charmingly expressed, that the girl would use no other. Each brain was busy trying to supply necessary notes or words when an idea occurred to the boy, and he began:

"Come forth, my love, to meet me,
With outstretched hands I walk to meet thee".

"I would rather not use those words, Gordon, because you see—oh! I cannot tell you; but let us find some other. Let me have the paper a moment".

And so the boy, with wondering eyes, handed it to her. Their hands met and were quickly parted; he started to speak but was restrained by a single gesture. A new knowledge had come to the boy, and both were startled into an unnatural reserve of manner. Deftly the girl swerved the conversation to other topics, and presently, when the boy left, the same friendly footing seemed to have been reached again.

For a long time after he was gone the girl sat motionless in her chair and only the lights and shadows in her eyes told anything of her thoughts. A great weariness possessed her, and through her confused brain the few words went again and again, "With outstretched hands I walk to meet thee".

The boy paced his room in feverish haste until his mother, alarmed, came to see what was the matter. A glance was enough to tell her, for she was one of the countless mothers who always understand. A glance was also enough to re-awaken within her an old, old sorrow, and going into her room she passed through another great life test. She replied that she must give her boy up and welcome

into her home whomsoever he had chosen for a life helpmate, for well she knew what disasters may be wrought by the selfishness of a mother.

The boy dared not go near the girl's house for some time and he caught no inkling of what a wonderful thing had happened there.

A great surgeon had come, and again the odor of anaesthetics had filled the room, but this time a blue gowned woman went quietly to and fro, instead of the mother. The great man had anxiously watched the face of his patient at the time of the most critical moments, and a great, triumphant feeling surged through him when, with a long, tremulous sigh, she had opened her eyes. He had successfully accomplished one of the greatest triumphs of modern surgery. He had made it possible for the girl to walk again. It was a beautiful thing for the girl, and though she received the news quietly an old hope grew and blossomed within her.

The days that followed were filled with a certain anxiety; but permanent cure was almost assured, and soon each day brought more strength. It was some time before the girl dared attempt to walk. The first step was tried under the nurse's supervision, but was a failure, and the girl was forced to fall back against the strong supporting arm, reluctantly perhaps, but murmuring, "Soon now—oh, surely soon."

Some nights after the boy, unable to stay away any longer, entered the garden about dusk. Having gone this far he was tempted to go on, but some restraining force seemed to warn him not to. It seems that Fate has a way of keeping us from our pleasures as long as she dares, that when the fulfillment of our longing has been realized we may enjoy the happiness more keenly. Something prompted him to open the piano, so he laid back the covering, opened it and began to play the little melodies that he, too, had learned to love. His fingers wandered from one to the other until of their own accord they began *The Wedding March*.

At a window that opened into the garden sat the girl, resting after a tiresome day of learning to walk again. She had not yet dared to try to walk to the garden, but the longing for it was strong, and she had gone as near as she could.

At the sound of the first note of the piano a hot wave swept over her and she half rose from her chair, but a sharp twinge of pain made her fall back again. However, at the sound of *The Wedding March* an almost supernatural strength seemed given her, and she arose and started for the garden. Just as she reached the porch the music ended, and she paused, undecided whether to go on or not. But softly, and with a beautiful longing for it, the music began again, and the girl started down the path.

The boy's head was bent and he was singing the rejected words of the march. He was thinking what a beautiful thing it would be if he could lift his head and see the girl walking toward him. Ah, walking! At the thought a great hurt gripped his heart and he raised his eyes to look toward the house, from whose doors the girl would never come except on crutches, and through whose doors he dare not enter now. "If she could only walk", he said, half aloud, when across his vision came a beautiful figure—a figure beautiful enough to him to have been made of all the intangible beauties of the dusk into one most perfect tangible form. It was surely the girl, for there was a wonderful light in her eyes and a sweet smile trembled on her lips as she half sang and half cried:—

"With outstretched hands I walk to meet thee".

Stenographic Report of a Chemistry Lecture

[EDITOR'S NOTE—This report was handed in by a Junior, as being typical of the thoroughness and detail which characterize their work in Science.]

The class will come to order. If we are all here, we will now begin. Those who are not here today will please stop at the desk after class and speak to me about their absence.

The subject which we have for consideration to-day is water. Most students usually conflict water with other substances. Many chemists usually have difficulty on this point, but through long experience at Delaware and on the Ohio River where I saw gallons of it I have become quite familiar with it. I realize, too, that a good memory has been of great value to me. Now since it is important, and to keep you from forgetting it, let me repeat that water (what chemists call H_2O) is usually confused with other substances (notice I say substances, and not elements. One must be very careful in one's choice of words in speaking scientifically). But until the student has learned to recognize water through long experience, he should not be unduly familiar with it. He must not address it as H_2O . One might as reasonably address the King of England as Georgie.

In the first place, let us see how water is different from other things—say coal. Professor McPherson, the author of our text-book, in a series of very delicate experiments, carried on at Columbus several years ago, discovered that water is clear, whereas coal is black, as you can readily find out by turning to the chapter on coal. I am speaking now of the ordinary commercial water that we, or some of us, use to drink and to wash in, that is, I mean to say, we do not wash in the same water that we drink, but we can do whichever we please with it, and if you want to do both and can get enough water, we can drink some and wash in the rest. Prof. McPherson is given credit for this remarkable discovery, but I really knew it several years before, and was surprised that other people had not observed it. You see we often underrate our own abilities.

It has also been proved by experiment that water is a liquid between the temperature of 0° and 100° on the Centigrade Scale, or to be more exact, at ordinary temperature. On the other hand coal is a solid. You must learn to observe carefully and to pick out these differences between things. If you study Chemistry long enough under me, I certainly hope to be able to teach you, or, not to be extravagant, most of you, to be able to distinguish between water and coal.

Let us now examine some water. I take in my left hand, the hand on your right, the one here toward the door, that is, on the south side, the side away from the window, an ordinary glass tumbler, the kind you pay 5 cents for, and I got for $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents by buying in large quantities for the laboratory. With this tumbler in my left hand, as I said above, I now approach the hydrant over here, which the Board of Education was kind enough to put in here last year. I approach the hydrant from the south side because it is over here in the corner, and I could not get to it by going north, or east, or west. With my right hand, the one that is

not holding the glass tumbler, which I spoke of above, I now turn on this stop-cock, and the engine down at the water works then pumps this liquid which you see coming out of this hydrant into the glass. This is water. I am sure of this, because I tested it this morning before you came in. You will see that it is not black like coal and that it is clear, just as I pointed out above. It is an interesting fact also, that if you put your hand or your finger, or a piece of cloth into water, the water will wet your hand, finger or the piece of cloth as the case may be.

Class, you should all verify these statements for yourself at home this evening, if you can. Those who can procure some water at home for this purpose hold up your hand. Ah, that is good. Every hand went up, that is, I mean to say, half the hands went up; each of you putting up only one of your two hands. I hope you do not misunderstand me on this point. But judging from the appearance of some of the hands water must be scarce with you. If it is, bring a bottle and I can let you have some from the hydrant here. The school board has told me not to spare any expense in using all the water I need for laboratory work.

Now observe that I put my finger into the water and stir it, that is, I stir my finger, and the motion is communicated to the water. You will learn more about this next year in Physics, so I'll not stop to explain it now. I now take my finger out of the water, and you will observe that it is not changed, I mean, the water, not my finger, although my finger was not changed either, except that it got wet, as, you will remember, I prophesied it would. Now, see here, some of you are not paying attention. Class, it is discouraging to make an accurate scientific explanation of a difficult subject like this and then find that some of you do not appreciate it and even go to sleep.

Now after this interruption—unintentional, I hope, and not malicious—we will now proceed. I almost forgot to call your attention to the fact that it was my index finger, the one next to my thumb, the one I'm pointing at that whispering student back there, that I stuck into the water. You see, we cannot be too exact in science. Even I almost forgot to mention which finger it was, although, to be sure, the same result would have happened if I had used any other finger.

I now set the tumbler down, together with the water in it, on this table here, with the oilcloth covering that the school board bought for me, or, to be more exact, for it. I now take in my left hand, the same hand that held the tumbler before I set it down, a test-tube. This test-tube is made, as you can see, of glass. Do you all see that? It is open at the upper end, although when I turn it over like this, it is now open at the lower end. The other end, the end that is not open, is closed by the same kind of glass that the tube is made of. Now if I were to pour some of this water from the tumbler into the test-tube, the tube would have a tendency to fill up. If I were to continue pouring long enough, an hour, a half hour or a minute, depending on the volume of the flow of water, the tube would get completely full and then the water would run out; that is, it would run over the top, down along the side, make a little turn here at the bottom and then drip off onto the table, chair, or floor, as the case might be.

I will now hold the tube half full of water, in the tip of the Bunsen burner flame. It has a tendency to become hot. It is not hot yet, or I could not hold it in my fingers. If I were to keep on holding it here, it would become so hot that I should have to drop it. If I were to hold it over a coal fire or a wood fire, it would also have a tendency to get hot. Perhaps you have noticed this fact at home already.

THE ANNUAL

It is now getting hot; so I will hold it in the test-tube holder, to keep from getting my hands burned. Any of you who care to, may come in after school this evening and examine this test-tube holder more closely. Next year I hope the school board will buy me another one, so that I can pass it around for the class to examine.

You will notice little bubbles arising in the water. Those are air bubbles which have been dissolved and are now escaping. Since they are of no particular use, I shall let them escape. The water is now bubbling rapidly. This phenomena is known as boiling. You will see if you look closely little clouds of a white looking mist appearing here in the air above the test tube. Do you all see? You on the back row there, can you see? Good. Those clouds are due to little particles of steam, which rising from the surface of the boiling water in the test-tube, are again condensed into water in the colder air above. You may think its the steam you see, but it isn't, steam cannot be seen, or, to be exact, it is invisible.

The water has now been boiling a long time. You will see that there is not much of it left. It is boiling away. Can you prophesy what would happen if I should hold the test-tube here long enough, an hour or two hours, or a week, as the case might be? Yes, that's right. It would all boil away.

Now I will add some green ink to the water. The water becomes green as you can see if you observe carefully. It can now be readily distinguished from milk, as milk is white, and not green. These results are of course only approximate as the apparatus is very crude. We must not expect to great exactness.

You must learn to make these distinctions carefully. I remember when I was a boy, cultivating this habit of distinguishing clearly between things. I was easily able to distinguish between a green cat and a blue dog. The formula is

$$CAT \div DOG = 2 PET.$$

I believe I gave you this formula once before, just about here on the board perhaps a little higher or a little lower, or a little to the right; certainly not here to the left because that's the end of the board.

Ah, there's the bell. The class will meet in this room again tomorrow at this time, when by a series of delicate experiments, I shall prove to you that water does not flow up hill as is often but erroneously asserted. Excused.





As Seen by the Hall Mirror.

Some of you may think that I grow weary standing here day after day, and that my outlook becomes monotonous ; but if you had the leisure which is mine you would see many things to interest you.

Pardon me for stopping so very suddenly, but I was so surprised for the moment that I could not speak. James L., who has just entered the German class, had been absent from school for a week and I had supposed that he was expelled.

As I was saying, I hold a very prominent place here ; in fact I wouldn't trade places with the most distinguished of our entire body of citizens. For I am safe in saying that I receive more attention and am looked at more than any of them. Why you wouldn't believe the great number of smiles I receive.

Evidently I am thought a great deal of, and in fact I find much amusement flirting, especially with certain young ladies who are kind enough to stop and have a chat with me every morning, noon and evening. No doubt you know some of them—Rhea, Ada and Georgia in particular.

This noon a caustic tongue, having been given full sway, aroused my attention to the fact that I was not alone. I naturally looked but was only enabled to see delicate fingers making their circuitous route over the top of her hair. After her departure, Sadie, who stopped to greet me, kindly informed me that she had just passed J. T.

Now I wonder what is the matter. H. H.'s shoulder will ache until tomorrow if the Principal's Hand is laid so heavily on it again. Here comes N. B. from Mr. Marting's room. He has probably fired her for writing notes, as she seems to be looking for the Principal.

This just reminds me of the fact that the number of notes passed between classes is something marvelous. Why, just this morning at the end of the first period I counted twenty. The other day a piece of paper was dropped on the floor right where I could see it. It began, "Dearest Helen": Of course when I saw that it was a note I blushed for shame and looked away very quickly. But do you know that my mind has not been at ease since that day for I keep wondering which Helen it was. I hoped the owner would come to look for it, but to my disappointment the janitor swept it up.

Ah, here comes Mr. Welday, evidently the busiest of them all. See, he intends to stop. How happy he looks. Perhaps he is going to Delaware this evening. I hope you will have a good time, Mr. Welday and — What, are you going so quickly? Why, it is growing late. I would not have thought that the afternoon would pass so quickly. Well, good-bye, Mr. Welday.

**Who Knows the Most,
Knows not when
He's a Fool**

What dunce with eyes that has not seen the
moon,
Or fails to speculate upon the sun—
Its heat at noon or cold when it is done.
Or cannot trace the man in the baboon?
What man calls not his dearest friend a loon,
When he does queer, or cannot find the fun
In mishaps that in other's paths are strewn?
Who cannot answer some great conundrum?
Yea, every brain beneath the dome is wise;
And all know all there is in all to know,
And flaunt their knowledge widely as the rule;
But one thing still, a truth not held in skies,
Nay not so far as that I humbly trow.
Who knows the most knows not when he's a
fool.



A Few Facts About Matter

EARL SCHULER

No one knows what matter really is. Even the teacher says he doesn't know, and if he admits it, it must be true. It's nice to know there's one thing he knows he doesn't know.

Mrs Eddy says matter isn't anything and that we just imagine it, but I guess she has to say that to keep her job. I wish I had Mrs. Eddy's imagination.

Matter is made up of wee wiggly things called molecules, so wee and tiny that you can't even see them with a megaphone. These dear little things are always jumping around as if they had the St. Vitus dance. The papa and mamma molecules are called mollycoddles.

Everything has molecules in it, even our bodies, and they are always wiggling like tadpoles. Sometimes I have to scratch my head, the molecules tickle so. There are five molecules in the alphabet—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y. Molecules get in drinking water and give us typhoid fever. When we boil the water that kills them and we can drink a cemetery instead of a menagerie.

Matter is either solid, liquid or gas. When you stub your toe against it and it hurts, it's a solid. If it isn't a solid you don't stub your toe against it, and it doesn't hurt. The molecules in a solid move around, but they stick close together, too, and that's why, when a girl is stuck on a boy, they say he's solid with her. Earth is a solid substance much desired by the seasick.

A liquid is a solid that's lost its backbone and got soft. Liquids are used to drink and to run saloons with. Some saloons are called "speak easys", and speak easy voices are called liquid voices. All heroines have liquid voices. Some examples of liquids are water and alcohol. Water is a liquid sometimes used to dissolve dirt, and small boys hate it. Water is also used in running a trust. A small body of capital entirely surrounded by water is called a corporation. Hard water is called ice.

Alcohol is a much-abused liquid; everybody is trying to put it down. Alcohol will preserve most anything except secrets. It is also good to dissolve things, especially money and brains.

When a liquid gets hot and sweats it is called a gas. Hot air is a natural gas that won't burn and isn't charged for. It is found abundantly at political speeches and women's clubs. Hot air is mostly of the feminine gender. It is generated in retorts, and expresses itself in retorts; I heard of a woman who wanted to be cremated so she could have the last retort. A place to carry off hot air is called a flue; so fluency means hot air, too.

Liquids evaporate into gases. When the air holds all the evaporated liquid it can, it is saturated. When a man holds all the liquid he can, he is soaked.

Physics teaches all about molecules. Chemistry is a sort of matrimonial physics, because it tells about how all the naughty molecule chase off with their affinities.

P. S.—I wish I were a molecule.

THE FRESHMAN

Oh, the young Freshie has come out of the
west,
Through all the wide school he thinks he's the
best,
And save a few verses he knowledge has
none,

He comes undaunted, and comes alone,
So fearless in sport, and so faithful in school
There ne'er was worse boy for teacher to rule.
He stayed not for Greece, and he stopped not
for Rome,

The Adriatic he swam where ford there was
none;

But e'er he alighted at vacation's gate
The teacher consulted, his knowledge came
late,

And a lover of books, and a hater of sport,
Was to go on and leave him, so went the re-
port.

He opened his books and in dust he did crawl
Among teachers, and classmen and workers
and all.

But he studied too late and in tests he did fail,
The Principal said, " 'Tis the old, old tale;
You were not in earnest, but only in fun,
And your work came too late, my dear little
one."

"At first I did study, my attempts you denied,
Ambition comes once, but it goes with the tide.
When we worked the hardest you said t'was a
crime

The way we sat round and wasted our time.
What we needed was encouragement just be-
fore test,

You did not give it, and yourself know the
rest."

The Principal pondered on what the boy said,
He spoke as in earnest, his face was all red.

"Perhaps 'twould be better if we should begin
And encourage the Freshmen when they first
come in;

I am sure they will try and accomplish their
work

If we pass them all on and their lessons not
shirk."



Propaganda

It is recognized that Marxists develop not out of a natural impulse to be malicious, but because of imperfect economic conditions.

A certain Romula Roe, compelled to abandon his studies in school at twelve, enter a sand blast, work for a starvation wage, and suffer in a dozen strikes, became a convert of Marx before he had listened to a "soap-boxer" an hour. No doctrines ever suited a man better.

The long-haired speaker remarked that, while labor created all wealth, the laborer received only a fraction thereof, barely sufficient for his sustenance.

Romula inhaled the dire dust twelve hours every day for sixteen cents an hour, and was rarely out of debt.

The agitator declared that there was a Class Struggle, in which one class which produced nothing were arrayed against those who produced everything; that the non-producers were regally rich, and the workers so miserably poor and oppressed that they were without the time or leisure energy to enlighten themselves upon the fact that they were oppressed.

Romula worked so long and hard that when night came he found it impossible to read so simple a sheet as a newspaper without falling asleep.

He was too occupied to serve himself or form proper acquaintance with his family

The orator explained how Universal Brotherhood could never exist while competition remained in the market. He showed how good men like good points were the products of good conditions; that so long as we had a millionaire class we would have pauperism on the other extreme, and so long as we had paupers we would have slums, and with them vice and crime an established institution.

The philosopher suggested as a remedy, that those who created all wealth should reclaim their own; that all things publicly used, as the mines, mills, factories, telegraph, railroad lines, etc., should, like the postoffice, be publicly owned and democratically managed; that shoes, hats and clothespins could be privately owned because privately used, and, moreover, that all articles of consumption be not produced for profit but for utility alone.

While the speaker's terms were more simple, that was the gist of his talk, and Romula, after he had shaken hands, parted with a dime for the book, "Men and Mules", which gave him in conjunction with "Appeal from Girard", subscribed for at a later date, a fair idea of Marxism.

Now, Romula was an ordinary working man, could read and write some, could tell the advance in prices in actual figures, and was incapable of retaining an historical truth longer than a day.

Once in Marxism he had a motive for remembering the data of events. His ideas collected themselves, it acting as a base upon which to build his scattered stitches of knowledge and an incentive in his sacrificing sleep for statistics.

Romula, after his first inception of the "cause", was impetuous in his vindication of its infallibility.

He could not see how anyone with a spoonful of brains could be so blind as not to realize the evils of the "present system".

He delighted in demonstrating to his adversaries with government computations that for every twenty-four hundred dollars in wealth created by the laborer each year he only received four hundred and fifty dollars as his share.

How, when the all-possessing masters raised wages, they also raised the prices for commodities, leaving him as abject as ever.

He showed how Marxism would change this by giving a man not seventeen cents upon the clear dollar he earned, but would give him the dollar, and by the abolishment of interest, rent and profit, the "unearned increment".

He pictured a society wherein men were honest, honorable, just, frank and happy, not only upon Sunday but other days as well, and where the Golden Rule was practical—the Rule of Gold impossible.

He argued with everyone the sacrilege of a man's being forced to sell his labor power like he would a keg of nails or a pig.

As Romula passed on, he calmed, at the same time becoming so intellectual as to appreciate the mouth-filling phrases, Materialist Concept, Class Consciousness, Economic Determinism, The Bourgeoisie Eliminator, etc.

If such men as Jack London, the Wright brothers, Charles Edward Russel, Robert Morris, together with the most eminent professors in Social Science, were devotees of Maxism, Romula could hardly account for the strength of John Jonsis' argument that "It would work out in theory all right; but not in practice".

While he drudged at the blast his mind would wonder unconsciously to the "proletariats problems", seeking a solution by some axiom from capital. Then he would let slip the obstreperous nozzle, damaging his person.

The people called him Anarchist, Anti-Christ, Divider-Up, and Dreamer.

Romula would modestly assure them that if wealth could keep a man from the gallows, or buy a senator, present government was anarchy, that his doctrines were not opposed to Christianity, because the Brittanica said "The ethics of Marxism and Christianity were identical"; that he did not believe in dividing up the wealth, and if Marxism was a dream the "present order" was a nightmare.

He had enlisted his spirit in a cause of emancipation and accordingly grew into a better man.

Now about the time Romula Roe was a Marxist in the strictest sense of the word, he received information from an unexpected quarter that a legacy of fifty or more thousand of dollars awaited a claimant bearing his name.

Romula, natural enough, did not refuse the fortune, and simultaneous with its acceptance invested the sum in three per cent. stocks.

He resigned the Sand Blast.

Thereafter, with a life of ease assured, the legatee turned turtle, became an opportunist and repudiated Marx.

Once he worked the machine which someone who did not work owned. Now he owned the machine someone else worked.

Romula squeezed out the profits, lived without labor, and was as convinced of his righteousness as any other Capitalist.

Many of his comrades condemned him, yet who of them would not under similar circumstances have done likewise.

In the mean-time, however, men were dying in poverty, thousands were being born every minute without a birthright, and half the world was in slavery.

The Modern Building of Rome

"Frank ", said Romulus to his servant, " tell James to have my six-cylinder at the door by six tomorrow morning. I am going up to the Palatine Hill and build Rome now that that sugar trust deal is fixed up".

Frank at once started to tick the order by wireless to the garage, where James was working over a new Stanley racer.

The next morning Romulus, with his brother Remus, stepped into the automobile and were soon heading towards the Palatine Hill at sixty miles an hour. On the way they discussed, and later agreed to have, a game. As they neared the Hill, Romulus said :

" I will trace the line of the walls when we arrive ".

" No, I will have that honor, brother ", argued Remus.

" Let us not quarrel on this subject ", said Romulus, " but let us, rather, have the Secretary of Agriculture decide it—on whose ground corn will grow first—he can outline the walls ".

So it was decided. Remus selected a meadow at the foot of the Hill. Romulus, however, chose one on the slope. The site he chose was covered with forests, so he ordered them cut down, but Pinchot stopped the proceedings by saying all forests should be preserved.

At first Romulus was puzzled as to what to do, but he finally dismissed Pinchot from his office and then the forests were cut down. The Secretary of Agriculture then got busy and planted the corn. The best effects were obtained on the land which Romulus had selected, so he had the honor of tracing the line of the walls.

Operations were at once commenced for the laying of the walls. An Aultman-Taylor steam plow was procured and, with Taft to give it more weight and Roosevelt to fire it, Romulus laid the line of the walls. Once Roosevelt forgot to blow the whistle for a space for the gates and Romulus got angry and told him to go to Africa, at which Roosevelt resigned. Romulus next tried to find a man to bid on the walls who wouldn't take unjust compensation for his work. Uncle Joe Cannon seemed the man for this and he, with his cigar, was given the job, and the work proceeded swiftly.

Soon the city was finished and Romulus, with Congress, sat in the capitol making laws for new waterways and tariff bills to their hearts content.

So Teddy went to Africa, and so started Rome and Tariff Bills.





Department of Limiricks

There was a young fellow named Jay,
Who loafed at the Y. M. C. A.,
They say just for fun,
He dressed up like a bun,
And was "et" by a dog on the way.

Ruth A. to John M.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's not there,
I'll be awfully mad when it grows.

There was a young fellow named "Sid,"
Who loved a fair M. H. S kid;
When it came to good-bye,
They were eager but shy,
But a delicate smack said—"they did."

Margaret, a maiden so shy,
Said to Rio, her lover so high,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But, dear knows, you are stonger than I."

Albertine is the one who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I put my mind to it
I'm sure I can do it:
You never can tell till you try."

There was a young Junior named Ted;
Who dined before going to bed,
On lobster and ham
And salad and jam,
And when he woke he was dead.'

John Massa once went to a feast,
And refused to eat aught except yeast;
"For;" he said, "it is plain
We must all rise again,
And I want to get started, at least."

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth.
She said she would die
Before she would lie,
So she died in the prime of her youth.

THE ANNUAL

A Bissman named Franklin, the Bluff,
Carried pistols to make him look tough.
When they asked, "Do you chew?"
He replied, "Yes, I do,
I'm a wegular wetch of a wough."

Guenther and Gadsby, each one with a mate,
Sat on the stairway until very late.
When asked how they fared,
They said they were scared,
But were otherwise doing first-rate.

A plump M. H. S. girl, ah well!
(She considers herself quite a belle)
She sat on the sand
And held her own hand,
And never discovered the sell.

To a tiny young Freshman named Dew,
Who wanted to catch the 2:02;
Said the trainman, "Don't hurry,
Or flurry or worry;
It's a minute or two to 2:02."

There is an old duffer named Hall,
Who fell in the spring in the Fall;
'Twould have been a good thing,
If he'd died in the Spring,
But he didn't—he died in the Fall.

Dick Davies came into the city,
And met what he thought was a kitty;
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat!"
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

There was a young fellow named Stoodt,
Who on a young lady did dote;
So hard did he press her
To make her say, "Yes, sir,"
That he broke three cigars in his coat.

There was a young fellow named Tom,
Who entered the street-car quite calm:
When asked for his fare,
He replied, "It's not there."
Let us sing now the ninetieth psalm.

These Limericks,
The Annual Staff did compile 'em
Tho' they thought with these to beguile 'em
All the people who read.
Of Paresis fell dead;
And the staff's in the insane asylum.

GRINDS

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find ;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you see some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a poke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

RUBS



Shakespeare up to date :
Aye there's the rub.

No use talking.



When one has nothing to say it is sometimes better to converse.



"Mr. Lumphead, you remind me of a lighthouse".

"Byjove! Because I'm so bright?"

"No, because you are light in the upper story".

James—I threw a kiss to a girl the other day.

John—What did she say then?

James—She told me I was the laziest fellow she ever saw.

A liar is a fellow who says he has no interest in a girl and then keeps you up till the wee sma' hours talking about her.



Blessed be the tie that binds.

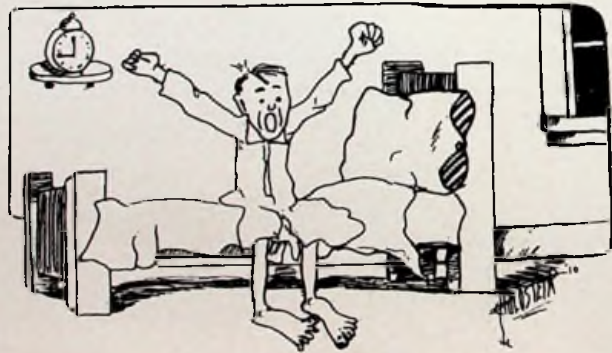
—Charles Stecker.



Shall we kill it or let it suffer.

—Joe Hilton.

A retiring disposition.
Georgie Blecker.



The stars and stripes.

THE ANNUAL

There was a young fellow named Heg,
Who had quite a bad case of ague ;
He'd shiver and shake,
And contortions make,
Till he tied a bow knot in his lague.



Harlan E. Abraham Rastus Hall,
On Botany, Bugs and Hot Air knows all ;
His purpose is not to merely excite,
But keep the school cool—23 Farhenheit.

Porch swing,
In the spring ;
Full moon,
Time to spoon ;
Same old thing,
Diamond ring.
—Naomi L and Judson S.



THE ANNUAL

We would like to ask :—

Anybody—Why the Seniors all wear glasses.

L. Coulter—About Grace.

The Gusses—Why they gave up their room.

Mr. Marting—How many inches there are in a cubic foot.

Claribel—Why Super wants to kill himself.

Someone—To explain to John Fribley and Mr. Welday that they positively must not blow out the gas.

Biggest Queener.—Rhodes, Super, Bissman.

Most Cheerful.—Myrtle Van Antwerp, Ruth Elliot, Ina Dehart.

Wearers of the Loudest Socks.—Tub Gifford, Karl Stander, Jay Thuma.

Loudest Talker.—Albertine, Bertie A., Helen Hall.

Biggest Eaters.—Prof. Bellingham, M. Tanner, A. Barton.

Most Harmless.—Hen Rigby, Joe Hilton, Tom Scott.

Most Popular With the Teachers.—Mary Fredrick, Mary Irwin, Katherine Bushnell.

Wearers of the Loudest Ties—Glenn Lapham, Lawrence McD., John Black.

Worst Kickers.—B. McCready, H. Lemon, N. Branson.

Biggest Sports.—Stoodt, Jud Colwell, Wade Laser.

Most Nervy.—Don Cupp, Franklin Bissman.

There was a young girl named Grace
Went around with a smile on her face ;
She learned all the news
From the A's to the U's,
And spread it all over the place.

“Mamma”, said little Helen H., “I want some water to christen my doll”.

“No, dear”, replied her mother. “It's wrong to make sport of such things”.

“Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done to her”.

Bert F.—How would you like to have a pet monkey?

Ada G.—Oh, this is so sudden.

The Longfellows.—Schad, Judson, Carrigan, McCready, Brunk.

Miss Moore—Forest, I wish you would look at me instead of Myrtle, as I am awfully jealous.

Maud—I suppose you made a hit with the big red hat in the country.

Edna—Hit! I should say so. It struck the bull's eye the very first time I wore it.

Her gladsome hand is nice enough,
But be careful lest you're bitten ;
If you try to hold it in her muff
You may find it wears a mitten.

—H. Cline.

THE ANNUAL

Wm. Anderson, in English—"A calm, determined look overspread his handsome features".

Arch. Nixon, in English—"The cold, grey dawn broke in the Eastern sky".

Byron McCready—Gee, I wish I was to hum on the farm; these Mansfield boys and girls are too fast for me.

Russell Harbaugh in Commercial Geography—"Ill effects of the weather caused hundreds of deaths in a single day".

O, Pearl of the Sea,
Won't you cast your eyes at me?
I'm longing for you,
O, come to me, do.

—Ethel L.

Miss Aberle, to the class—Who's making that noise.
Emmett L., considering himself every one—Oh, nobody.

Did you hear the latest? Willie got sick and Bertha cried.

Byron McCready—I have invented perpetual motion. I only lack one theory yet to complete it.

Hike to the woods, you braggart.

—Jay Thuma.

Of all the girls that are in this world,
There's one so tall and fair,
Who hasn't yet given me the whirl:
'Tis Sadie with light brown hair.

—Jay.

LITERARY SNAP SHOTS.

Milton got married three times and wrote Paradise Lost; His wife died, and then he wrote Paradise Regained.

Dickens wrote many novels. His name is now used as a polite term for an individual often present but never mentioned in high society.

Darwin is the man who made a monkey of Adam.

Scott wrote many popular novels, of which Scott's Emulsion is best known.

DeQuincy chewed opium and went to sleep. Nowadays people chew the rag and stay awake.

Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven plays, and since he tried to "hog" all the glory they now call him Bacon.

Plato—A Greek philosopher, founder of Platonic love, where a man and a woman tried to make a successful imitation of a pair of icicles and never succeeded. (NOTE:—Not to be confused with Pluto, also an advocate of Platonic love, but more noted as a bottle of mineral water, and as a successful fireman).

THE ANNUAL

Job must have been a physician, since we hear so much of his patients. Had a famous turkey to which our poor relations are often compared.

Burke often got soaked himself, but managed to keep his speeches dry.

Elbert Hubbard, son of old Mother Hubbard, wrote poetry to advertise his furniture. Called a Roycrofter, (from "roi", French for king; and "croft", old English for graft. Hence, king for graft.

George Benard Shaw—properly pronounced O. Shaw.

All are dead who spoke it,
All are dead who wrote it,
All will die who learn it;
Blessed death; they surely earned it.
Latin.

—Dedicated to Sophomores, '10.

THE OLD MAID—A DEFINITION.



A spinster Maid
Is an aged Miss,
Whose life is made
Of many a miss;
Because of her Misses
She never was Mrs.,
Her misses have her a Maid and a Miss.

FIVE AGES OF MAN

These stages are:—"Tootsie Wootsie", "Young Barbarian", "Smart Alex", "It", and "Has Been".

When you see bashful Juddy C.
Blushing crimson in the face
Every time he takes his watch out
Who's the girlie in the case?

SOCIAL STANDING.

"His brother is in a very shady business".
"What's that"?
"Awnings".

He put his arms around her,
The color left her cheek
And staid upon his overcoat
For just about a week.

—Pearl Baker.

THE ANNUAL

Will L. Coulter attend summer school again?
We will miss his smiling face.

TRULY SPOKEN.

"I'm chafing under restraint", remarked the fair maiden, trying to stir the fudge as her Romeo embraced her.

STALE.

"He's a college bred man".
"Yes, a four year's loaf".

Miss Aberle to Marion R. (who was standing at the window)—Marion, in whom are you so engrossed?

Marion R.—I don't know what her name is.

M. is for Marting, so clever and bright;
H. stands for Holstein, the teachers' delight;
S. stands for Scott, who is losing his sight
In watching the rays
Of the moonlight.

Inez B.—Every time I look at Mr. Marting I think of a zero.

JUST A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary was a little lamb,
She always had her lessons,
And how she got them we all know,
They're not her own possessions.

Mr. Marting—Joseph, why will a liquid flow out of a barrel faster when the bung is removed?

Joseph Hilton—What is the bung?

SAYINGS OF THE TEACHERS.

"Now, folks"—Miss Moore.
"Quiet, please"—Miss Jenner.
"Your attention is divided"—Miss Feldner.
"For what reason"—Miss Holland.
"Again"—Miss Ruess.
"What authority"—Mr. Baldwin.
"Now"—Mr. Marting.
"I was wondering about that"—Miss Garrison.

Who shall it be,
Who shall it be,
I looked at Charles,
Super looked at me.
—Claribel Stoodt.

THE ANNUAL

Naomi, in German—One loses them illusions when one looks at a man.

Sarah Jameson (standing on a pile of snow)—Oh, girls! just think this snow holds 145 pounds. Isn't that wonderful?

Mr. Marting, in Commercial Law—Bertha, what case can you think of?
Bertha—Oh! A lot of them.

"Ollie M.'s ring turned silver all of a sudden".

"What happened"?

"She used quick silver".

HEARD IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD ELM TREE.

The evening star its vesper lamp
Above the west had lit.
The dusky curtains of the night
Were falling over it.

He seized her waist and clasped her hand,
And told his tale of love;
He called her every tender name,
"My darling", "duck", and "dove".

A tremor shook her fairy form,
Her eyes began to blink;
Her pulse rose to a hundred, and
She cried: "I think—I think—"

He sighed: "You think you love me"? for
His soul was on the rack.
"Oh, no"! she yelled; "I think a bug
Is crawling down my back"!

—George Blecker and Lucile Upson.

EXAMS. ARE ALMOST HERE.

Go into the study room
And ne'er in the halls appear,
Fill up your head with knowledge
For exams. are almost here.

Do what duty calls you to,
Stand firm and do not fear.
Make your own failures few,
For exams are almost here.

We have been friends together,
We have shed many a tear,
Make your own failures few,
For exams are almost here.

We have been friends together,
We have broken many a rule.
But oh, who could have helped it,
Going to Mansfield High School.

THE ANNUAL

H. Sanford's favorite brand :—Tracy & Avery.

Freshman, in Ancient History—" Although Aphrodite was very homely, he was loved by all the Greeks ".

John J., in Botany—"The seeds of a tomato are scattered all in a bunch ".

J. Sauerbry—I hear Harbaugh has started a hen ranch.

E. Lautsbaugh—Yes, an egg plant, so to speak.

Archibald Nixon, after an hour's hard work—You didn't know I danced, did you?

Fair Pardner—No, do you?

Miss Feldner—You look bad this morning.

J. Thuma—I have a cold or something in my head.

Miss F.—It's probably a cold.

Mr. Baldwin, in Algebra to George Miller – George, where is the lesson, today?

George M.—In the book.

Miss Moore—Thelma, you have a very sweet little voice, but I can't hear it up here at the blackboard.

Miss Aberle wishes to introduce her big-talk trio:—John, Leo and Albert.

" Your teeth are like stars ", he said.

The maiden's face grew bright.

" Your teeth are like stars ", he said,

" They all come out at night ".

WANTED:—

Some play things for the children in Physics class No. 1.

To know why Roy Gardner is called " Mud ".

Some one to wake up Leo Corbett.

Sombody to solve this puzzle—Joseph Hilton.

Everybody to know that Mr. Marting has a prize herd of swine.

Some chewing gum for G. Miller.

A new dictionary for Carl Mengert.

To know how I can get a hair cut, a shoe shine, a new tie, a dozen roses, and pay my girl's car fare to the Senior party with thirty cents?—Senior.

To know how I can become president?—Earnest Brunk.

Some sugar to draw Byron Mc.'s and E. Silcott's trowsers to their shoe tops.

Someone to bring me to school on time in the mornings.—Rhea M.

To know if Boston is a state.—A. Schad.

Someone to make George Biddle recognize the magnitude of our country and quit taking microscopic views.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a Freshman. Show him.

THE ANNUAL

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is a Sophomore. Teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is a Junior. He's asleep. Wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior. Follow him.

Feast of the Passover—Examination week.

Good goods in small packages:

Earl Crider, Ray Martin, Dick Davies,
Russell Newlon, George Miller.

Miss Aberle—"If you fail tomorrow, I will send you to the office."

Girl—"Can't I go today? I may not be here tomorrow."

There is just one girl with whom I spark,
I'll tell you her name if you keep it dark:
She's the only girl for whom I care,
Gee but I hate to tell it, but there—Clar(a)
—W. H.

Marion Fox's favorite author is Scott.

THE ROYAL THEATER.

- (A) Change of program hourly. We assure our patrons the worst of
vaudeville. Patrons will please leave their hammers
at the box-office.
As a headliner we offer
- (B) LEO CORBETT,
and his flock of trained geese. Absolutely the only flock of trained
geese in Mansfield. Direct from the five minute performance
at the Metropolitan Opera House, Pinhook.
- (C) MARION RHOADS,
"The Human Cycle," as a tumbler he is unexcelled.
- (D) ILLUSTRATED SONG,
"Die Wach am Rhine," by the musical trio, Leonard Coulter,
Russell Bissman and Thomas Scott.
- (E) HARRY HOLDSTEIN,
The Artistic Hobo.
- (H) THEATRESCOPE,
Scenes seen on the Seine. The "Swine" gathered about
Table No. 1 Physics.
- (G) RUTH LOEB
In Rhetoricals—"I move you, Mr. President, to lay on the table."

(H)

THEN & NOW.

She loved me then,
 But now she doesn't
 Tho' ne're again.
 She loved me then.
 I, like all men,
 Was true—She wasn't.
 She loved me then,
 But now she doesn't.
 —Anna Remy & John,

THE REASON.

Kak loves me
 And I love her
 That's why you see
 Kak loves me.
 So we agree
 Without demur
 Kak loves me
 And I love her.
 —Au.

Miss Brown - We shall now review the Latin vocabulary.
 (To Walt. Holdstein)—Walter, What Latin word means spoil?
 Walter H.—Sapolio.

Mr. Marting—"Did you get your tickets all right?"
 Student—"Yes, thank you."
 Marting—"What did you think of the game?"
 Student—"Oh, I didn't see it. I thought you meant next year's tickets."

What doctor attended your Aunt in her last illness?
 None. She died a natural death.

THE PIOUS PLODDERS

Shirkless Shark.	Byron McCready
Persistent Plugger	George Weisbarth
Patient Poler	Clarence Shill
Dutiful Digger	James Leonard
Executive Board.	The Juniors

H. Henry—"Excuse me, but your hair is coming down."
 N. Long—"Oh, no; it's mean't to be that way, you know."

Miss Kemp—"Bertha do you like fairy tales?"
 Bertha Frank—"Yes, if they are Anderson's."

Miss Jennet—"Who was an English explorer in the time of Elizabeth?"
 W. Pierce—"It was the Dutch."

THE ANNUAL

Why does Helen, steal?
Why does Ralph, beck?
Why is Naomi, long?
Why is Charlotte, more?
Why does Ralph, rust?
Why does David, bowl?

If the old man wouldn't object, Clark Charles would like to join the Navy.
(Navie).

Miss Jenner—Marjory, what is Ancient History?

M. Glover—Judson Super, Dio Shaw, Tom Scott, Milo Newton, and some others.

Miss Jenner—Well, what is modern History?

M. Glover—Why; Charles, of course.

Some members of the 1909 foot-ball team were great bread winners. Ike knows from experience as he lost out by about \$1.98 (marked down from \$2.00)

P. S.—Ike will not feed the foot-ball team anymore.

CODE OF RULES.

1. All conversation must be confined to daily studies.
2. Plodders must have a scornful disdain for flunkers.
3. No more than three hours a day should be wasted in sleep and study should continue through meals.

With girls I am not loud
For them I do not shine,
Give me a good old book,
To pass away the time!

—Byron B.

Lee Miller—"Have you something on the North Pole?"

Miss Felger—"We have a Cookbook or Periodicals,"

IN PHYSICS.

Mr. Marting—"What striking Phenomenon is observed when snow melts?"

Earl Schuler—"It turns to water."

"This," said the goat as he began to eat a broked mirror with relish,

"This is indeed food for reflection."

She was the cinder of my eye;
For her all day I'd weep and cry,
And all night long awake I'd lie
E're sleep and I could grapple.

She was the cinder of my eye:
For her sake gladly would I die,
But when too kiss her lips I'd try,
I stubbed my Adam's apple.

"Well, Miss Brown I don't believe I can translate that today."—Ruth B.

THE ANNUAL

SHAKESPEARE IN HIGH SCHOOL.

Freshman.	Comedy of Errors
Sophomore.	As You Like It
Junior	Much Ado About Nothing
Senior	All's Well that Ends Well

If all the cig's I've smoked in glee,
Would take effect at once on me
In one huge nauseated spell—
Gee, wouldn't I be sick—Well—Well!!

—Milo Newton.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Miss Lucila Herschler, who was seen to take a street car at the end of Fourth Street last night, has been arrested.

In a moment of deep thought Mr. Marting cast his eyes into the fire.

Miss Mabel Odenbaugh has been having trouble with her eyes. They persisted in running up and down the morning paper. At last they were fastened on the picture of a Sandusky friend and at the latest report, they were glued to the opposite wall.

On Tuesday night, Mr. Hall while following a train of deep thought walked off a trestle and fell into a reverie, but his injuries were slight and he is now able to preside over M. H. S.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

In Pronouns—

It was night, it was moonlight, it was late, it was fair.
I was courting, I was happy, for she was there.
She was pretty, she was blushing, she was willing to be wed.
He arrived, he objected, he booted, so I fled.
I returned, he repented. She was coaxing her mamma.
He relented, I forgave him; I thanked him—dear papar
He blessed us. I was happy. She blushed a rosy red.
He is willing. She is willing. I am willing. So we'll wed.

—Kathleen and Tom.

Let your life be like an arithmetic
Friends added,
Enemies subtracted,
Joys multiplied,
Sorrows divided.

Tho my affections sometimes soar,
In sensational Flight,
I swear, I do, George, ne'er before
Have they gained such a height.

—Bertie Appleman.

THE ANNUAL

Mr. Marting: (after operating the Siren for several minutes) "What tone is that?"

Marion Rhodes, "Try the pitchfork."

"Did fortune ever smile on you, Chauncey?"
"Nope, She just winked once or twice."

When in physics Class I go,
A little prayer I mutter low,
I say in accents soft and deep,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

"Why is Hilton's hair like heaven?
Because there is no parting there."

Mr. Hall—"Well, what is it, thou breath of new-mown hay?"
Franklin B.—"I ain't either! I'm Russell's brother."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he aimed at a tack and missed the head,
"—!! —!! —!!! —!!!! —!!!!!"

Glen Lapham—"I plugged on that problem till 5 o'clock this morning."

Miss Holland—"Then did you get the idea?"

Glen—"Well, it began to dawn upon me."

Nothing divided between two—A kiss.

THE WEEK.

My work on Sun,
No! A motor run.
Then comes Mon.
Wish I'd worked on Sun,
My work on Tues.
Gets no enthuse.
Then comes Wed.
Too late to bed.
Next day Thurs.
How my head whirrs. (See Wednesday)

Doc Smith on Fri.
His talks for I. (Poetic license 5957)
All done on Sat.
I'm glad of that.
Then work on Sun.
Ten minutes; 'tis done,

"I make it a rule," said the bolster, "of never striking a pillow when it's down."

THE ANNUAL

He walks as if for wages.

Carl Herring.

A happy consolation for the student of High School—His blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same mosquito.

Some fellows are born lemons.

Some achieve lemoninity; but—

The Freshmen have the athletic association thrust upon them.

(Freshie, getting frightened)—“What is that awful noise up there in the auditorium?”

(Soph.)—“Oh, that is Marion K. trying to sing.”

A. Fiedler—(translating in Virgil)—“Do I speak or am I silent?”

J. Thuma to Mr. Marting (who is turning a crank) “Pedro, the organ grinder.”

Mr. Marting: “Thuma, the monkey.”

Miss Garrison: George, give the principal parts of the Latin verb meaning to skate.

George Leonard: Shate, slipere, falli, bumpsus.

Miss Garrison: Failo, failere, flunki, suspensus.

Miss Moore: “Boys you will be the death of me yet.”

Better get to M. H. S. late than not at all.

Rhea Martin & Marie Marks.

The glass of fashion and a mold of form.

N. Stoodt.

Honorable Judges, Ladies and gentlemen.

G. Biddle.

Hen Sanford (in history): Alexander conquered the people of Bacteria.

Mr. Marting: Who knows how much it costs to Wooster?

Ollie M.: One dollar and eighty cents.

(I wonder how she knows.)

Of all characters in the short-hand book, I love best “O” “U” hook.

Ruth Webber.

REASON FOR IT.

Why is Mildred Fancher angry with the photographer?

She found a label on the back of her picture saying,

The original of the photograph is carefully preserved.

A girl in the arms is worth two who “are’nt.”

R. Bissman.

THE ANNUAL

Noticed about the new hats?

The larger the peach basket the less the peach.

DO TELL.

There was an old maid named Fitch,
Who heard a loud snoring; at which
She took off her hat
And found that a rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

BILL SHAKESPEARE AND OUR BOYS.

Butch Thuma:—I am sure you know him well enough—Much Ado About Nothing.

Byron McCready:—Pray walk softly; do not heat your blood—Pericles.

Bissman:—Go Back Again—Comedy of Errors.

Chauncey G.—Here I and Sorrows Sit.

Emmett:—It will discourse most eloquent music.

Coulter:—Loves to hear himself talk—Romeo & Juliet.

Palmer—My salad days when I was green.

R. Loeb:—What are you thinking about?

He:—Oh, nothing much.

R. Loeb:—(sweetly) That's egotistical.

Mr. Welday to Ruth W.—“Ruth, did you ever stand hand in hand and watch the stars?”

Rock-a-bye Seniors,
On the tree-top;
So long as you study
The cradle will rock;
But if you stop digging,
The cradle will fall,
Down will come Seniors
Diplomas and all.

Louis H., (in barber shop)- “I want my moustache cut off.”

Barber—“Did you bring it with you?”

My Motto:

Cram-

Exam-

Flunk-

Trunk-

C. Stecker.

“I don't see why none of the fellows ever pick on me.”—A. Lang.

Everett Silcott:—Now Bertha don't tell anybody about our engagement or when the wedding day is to be.

Bertha Frank:—Why of course not. I have told everybody not to say a word about it.

"Friends, companions, class-mates,
Lend me your ears;
I'm here to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The grades a fellow gets live after him;
A pony is oft interred with his books;
So let it be with Caesar.
All we fellows now tell you that
 Caesar was unlawful;
If it were so it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here under leave of teachers and the rest
(For teachers are all, all honorable
So are they all, all honorable)
Come I to speak at Caesar's funeral;
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But teachers say he was lawful,
And teachers are all, all honorable.
He gave us many a book of Latin
Whose reading has helped my grades to raise;
Did this in Caesar seem unlawful?
I speak not to disprove what teachers spoke,
But here I am to tell what I do know.
But Knowledge, thou art gone without my breast,
And Profs have lost their patience.
All my Latin is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must dig till it comes back.

Chauncey Gates:—"He is always to blame."

Money, money everywhere,
But not a cent to spend;
Just wait until our dance is o'er,
We'll have money then to lend.

—Pollock & Coulter, Promoters.

Ada Ackerman seems to be lonesome since "Swipes" left school.

Why does Ruth Webber like to stand in Miss Garrison's hall.
Because there are so many "hooks" out there.

The floors look very clean today. It is reported that the janitor swept them
with his eye.

A jolly young Chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

THE ANNUAL

Jay T met a maid of sweet sixteen,
Are you not twenty? Tell me true,
Then turned away the little queen,
Twenty three for you.

Sadie.

I wonder if anyone knows that I am here?

Pearl Flocken.

Her voice was soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Charlotte Moore.

JAMES LEONARD IN LITERATURE.

FISH DREAMS.

They say the trout are biting pretty brisk along the streams,
In the deep pools where the weeping willows slant.
But there's little use in wishin' that I might go out Fishin'
For the studies are here to tell me that I can't.

In my mind I see them leaping seven fathoms in the air—
Aye, they sport as though they wanted to be caught,
I can hear the swift reel clinking as I muse here dully, thinking,
But I have to take the music out in thought.

In my dreams I'm standing eager on a cool and shady bank,
With a bunch of speckled beauties in my creel,
Or I've hooked a game three-pounder and I'm fishing with the boulder—
But I needn't say that vision is not real.

No my piscatory out-look is school—and that is hard,
For I live inside an open-minded State,
Where a man can go a fishin' with no thought of prohibition,
And is free to take along his flask of bait.

SIC TRANSIT.

A green little freshman
In a green little way,
Drank a green creme de menthe
Five or six times a day;
And the green little grasses
Now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshman's
Green little grave.

FAVORITE SONGS.

"My Wife Won't Let Me" Hook Remy
"If I Only Had a Sweetheart" Clara C.
"Cuddle Up a Little Closer" Leonard Coulter
"The Mocking Bird" Judd Colwell
"Alice, Where Art Thou Going" Jay S.

THE ANNUAL

Just a little Freshman,
Nothing more or less
To her, her friends are peanuts,
See if you can guess.
Just a little Freshman,
Nothing more or less.
Her name begins with C. and W.,
See if you can guess.

Miss Gilbert—Archie, where is Denmark?

Archie N.—Well—er—I think it is some where in the Arctic ocean.

Mr. Marting promises to be a rival of Byron King as a facial contortionist, if his performances while experimenting with electricity can be taken as a fair example of his skill.

First Soph.—Why is love like an owl?

Second Soph.—Give it up.

First Soph.—Because it is more at ease in the dark.

READY WIT.

'10—Where did Ruthie G. get her beautiful auburn locks?

'11—From hair-redity, I suppose.

LAMENTATIONS OF HELEN E.

I love you "Early", but oh, you "Biss",
For when you're near, all is bliss;
But when you "Judd", come on the scene,
Everything is so serene.

Thos. Scott—Why isn't H. in the line-up?

Coach—He's out of condition.

Scott—Well, if I were out of some of mine I could play.

Stecker—What makes Colwell look so grouchy?

James Leonard—He's just getting over a hacking cough.

Steck.—Hacking cough?

Leonard—Yes, he just paid the cab driver.

Miss Garrison—Get your books ready while I take a roll.

Miss Abbott, to Louis Hautz—Who was Julius Caesar?

L. H.—He was the fellow who said to his horse, "Eat thou brute", when it would not eat its oats.

Milo—We'll have to hurry, dear. Do you mind being pressed for time?

Mary—For time? Oh, no; nor even for eternity.

James Harris, in German: "Es war ein glazendes fest". (He was a grand feast.

THE ANNUAL

A sure way to make tomorrow better than today, is to make today better than yesterday.

Norm. S.—“Gee” its dry up here this year. I wonder why?

There's a lot of things that never go by rule,
There's an awful lot of knowledge that you never get at college,
There's a lot of things you never learn at school.

The laughing doll.

M. Fancher.

Mr. Baldwin, (To Silent Russell)—“Your thoughts are an unknown quantity .’

BARBER SHOP REPORTEE.

Longsdorf:—(having face steamed) Gee whiz! that towel is hot.

Barber:—Yes, I know, but I couldn't hold it any longer.

Love no man not even your brother;
If girls must love, love one another.

Joseph Hilton telling he had a headache, “There must be an unequal balance between my head and the pressure of the atmosphere.”

I love physics, but oh that teacher.

—Iva Shafer.

Mr. Marting—Marion Rhodes, what is the height of the barometer.

M. R., Taking a yd. stick and measuring the height from the floor:—3½ ft.

I stood upon a hilltop,
I looked down in the plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff
I thought it might be grain
But when I took a second look
I thought it might be grass,
When lo! unto my horror,
It was the Freshman classs.

I like peaches
I like pie
I like a little girl
Just so high.

—Emmet L.

I looked at Olga,
Mary looked at me;
And then to spite them both
I chose Edna B.

—Earl Schuler.

THE ANNUAL

M. H. S. ABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

Algebra—See Flunk.

Canned—A two minutes vacation.

Examination—A bi-annual attack of brain fever.

Freshie—An atom.

Goose—A fowl.

Janitor—Someone hard to find.

Junior—Not yet, but soon.

Latin—A tonic to be taken three times a day.

Literature—Something small and sweet.

Music—Forth minutes' punishment.

Office—A place to avoid.

Physics—That science which treats of molly cules.

Reception—A farce.

Senior—Unexplainable. Something immense.

Sophomore—Something perceptible with the microscope.

Junior—Would be.

Freshman—Will be.

E. Palmer—Louis, where did you get that walk?

L. Houtz—Oh, Wilbur Hegnauer lent me his.

A soliloquy of Nita B, after conversing with H. B. :

“Of all the words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are those—stung again”.

Question—Why does Mary F. like to hear orchestra music?

Answer—Because there is usually a fiddler (Fiedler) in an orchestra.

Mr. Marting, after several interruptions of disorder—Wait class, a few of the boys feel foolish this morning. How does it feel boys to act natural?

WHAT WE KNOW THEM BY.

Reba Norris	R. E. N.
Amanda Thomas	Tot
Russell Bissman	Bus
Mary McConnell	Joe
Kathaleen Hosler	Cat
George Blecker	Drowsy Dugan
Georgia Edwards	Sall
Rio Judson	Reke
Don Cupp	Simple
Harrold Gifford	Tub

“Always In The Way”—The Signals.

Miss Aberle, showing stereopticon views to a Freshman class in Physical Geography—“Now, children, this picture is colored”.

Lawrence Hughes, about Helen Brunk: “Well, she is not fast, but she goes right along”.

THE ANNUAL

There she goes, happy as a lark,
For just now her latest case is Clark.

—E. Sonner.

Mr. Welday, in Civics: "Lucile Upson, if you were going to vote, what must your qualifications be?"

Lucile: "Well, I must be a man".

"Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown".—Albertine.

You cause consternation,
You queen of creation.

—Mildred Fancher.

THE PUNDIT SAYS:

The easiest place to see the point of a joke is from behind.

Don't carry a joke too far. Let it carry itself, with proper exercise one joke should last a man's lifetime.

Jokes are like clothes—we always see how well they fit the other man.

Practical Joke—One that affords a physician practice.

Bellingham in music. Now rest a moment and then we'll sing—

"All through the night."

Peace in the Junior girl we see,
Hope in the little Freshman grows;
In the proud Senior, victory!
In the Sophomore foolishness grows.

LeRoy Willis—(Translating in German)—Then you will really be my wife?
Miss Feldner—Notice. He is only translating.

Lives of great men, all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
"Seniors" of a brighter mind.

THE TEACHERS.

We love our teacher. Wouldn't he be glad to know that somebody loves him. We love him so much that we would all be willing to chip in and buy him a monument. Not only willing but anxious.

We love all our teachers. We have to. We would flunk if we didn't. Our High School has a fine Corpse of teachers, the liveliest corpse I ever saw.

When we grow up, we want to be teachers if we can't be anything else. We have to have teachers just as we have to have measles, and mumps and other diseases. We would sooner teach than dig ditches or haul coal.

One nice thing about teaching is that teachers don't have to worry for fear the bank cashier will run off with their \$s. The groceryman gets them all.

Pupils should always be kind to old people, crazy people and teachers. I think all teachers should go to heaven. They will be able to appreciate it so.

THE ANNUAL

WOES OF THE CLASSMAN.

Senior—Deep wisdom, swelled head
Brain fever.He's dead
Junior—False fair one, Hope fled
Heart broken He's dead
Soph. — Went skating 'tis said
Ice hit him He's dead
Freshie—Milk famine, not fed
Starvation.He's dead.

Keep a brave heart you slowly plodding Freshman. An ordinary Freshman may make an extraordinary Senior, for the brightest lamp burns out the soonest.

When a Junior tells his fair one that she is a poem, is it a sign that he has scanned her feet?

There's nothing new in education. The monkeys, our remotest ancestors, were educated in the higher branches.

We fear that there are several of our Senior boys who could not raise mustaches if they tried. They are getting through on such close shaves.

I gif you, dear, dis violet,
In token of, I'm glad we met;
I hope that we alretty yet
Once more again together get.

—Russel H. to Anna Sulzer.

IN THE CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Mr Marting—Have you seen Al?

Louise Haag—Al who?

Mr. Marting—Alcohol! Kero-sene him last night, but he hasn't benzine since. Gasoline him up against a lamp-post and took a nap. Gas the peroleum wagon took him up.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.

The Annual endeavors this year to be faithful to all the phases of school life. With this idea in mind, the reporter called on several of our more or less notorious students to get an expression of their opinion on various topics. Here are the results:

We called first on Joseph Hilton, and found that worthy gentleman surrounded by a dozen encyclopedias trying to find out what the bung of a cider barrel is. "Mr. Hilton," began the reporter, "we believe that you represent the deepest thought and most profound logic than is to be found in our Senior Class."

"That sounds reasonable," responded Joe.

"Well, then Mr. Hilton, what in your opinion, is the greatest need of the present degenerate race of young men and women?"

"They are too frivolous," answered Joe readily. "Look at our present Senior boys; They spend their time in idleness and ignorance and enjoying themselves, while I toil and sweat over my books. They should cultivate my habit of deep thinking; they should meditate upon the profound mysteries of Mathematics or the abstruse theories of Physics. Let me recite you a poem:

THE ANNUAL

“ ‘A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.’ ”

“But that ain’t no good. Let me now give you one that has some deep thought to it:

“ ‘Knowledge and wisdom, far from being——.’ ”

But the reporter had fled.

We found Harry Holdstein in the office trying to get an excuse to go to the Editorial room. On being questioned as to his aim in life, Harry stuck his hands into his capacious pockets, planted his feet firmly apart and said:

“I feel that Art is my chosen field. Am I not the Art Editor of the Annual? Are not my texts books adorned with my artistic creations? I care not for athletics; I care not for Physics; I care not for society and parties, and coming home in the dark. I love only Art, with an occasional A2 sandwich to share with my friends.”

It was several days before the reporter could find Jim Leonard, as the latter came to school only semi-occasionally. At last, however, we cornered him. To our question as to how to get the most out of school work he replied:

“My efforts have all been directed to finding out how to get out of the most school work.”

Jay Thuma came next. We really had not thought of interviewing Jay for the Annual, until Jay suggested it himself.

“See here,” said Jay. “Tell your readers that I expect to be with them another year, I know they will be glad. Mr. Hall is fond of me. He said that if he knew of a job over in the Phillipines, he’d recommend me to it. But I couldn’t go. I’ve got to take the Census in the Second Ward. The government hired me, See? Don’t you think I’m cute. I make all the girls laugh in class. If Mr. Martinb were not sore at me, I’d be on the basket ball team. But, say I’m certainly making a hit in Chemistry.”

We asked Robert Carrigan how to secure a long and happy school life. “By not studying,” said Robert. “Look at me. I do nothing all day long; I’ve been here three years and expect to stay at least three more. I don’t worry, I let the teachers do that. And all the girls are in love with me. How can I prove that? I don’t have to prove it. I admit it.”

We asked Norman Stoodt what one thing he found the hardest in school life. “To keep my trousers creased right,” said Norman.

Ralph Rust was too busy getting the sideral elevation of Eugene Debs to pay any attention to us when we called.

We dropped in on Russel Bissman unexpected, and found him studying. Awed at this wholly unexpected and incredible discovery, we tiptoed away without speaking.

We closed our series of interviews by a brief call on Rio Judson. “Rio,” we asked, “How do you manage to keep so fresh and healthy?” Rio answered, “I sleep so long every night, six feet two inches.

If we are descended from the ape, as Darwin says, is it possible that some of our students are using round trip tickets?

THE ANNUAL

We are reliably informed that one of our Freshmen asked his teacher one day why they do not bury the Dead Sea.

It is a matter for reflection why many of our boys look into the hall mirror every time they pass it.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Killing a stiff exam.
With the help of his neighbor,
He avoided all labor,
“What a student”, he pondered, “I am”.

Mr. Bellingham—The Glee Club is improving daily in its singing.

Grateful Teachers—Is that so? We didn't know whether they were improving or whether we were just getting more used to it.

TAKE IT TO HEART

You may swipe your classmate's clothing
With exceeding regularity,
Regardless that in size there is
Somewhat of a disparity.
But to steal and read the “Annual”
Displays a low vulgarity
That puts you and the cheapskate
Exactly on a parity.

Senior (at parting, with emotion)—Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know.

Professor—Don't mention such a trifle.

A Junior died from industry,
Yet he was called a shirk;
For though a busy life was his,
'Twas spent in dodging work.

—Russell Bissman.

Visitor—Who is that gloomy, solemn-looking individual coming down the hall?

Junior—That is the joke editor of the Annual.

Visitor—Why, she doesn't look as if she ever said a funny thing in her life?

Junior—Well, she never did.

Mr. Baldwin - Anyone who has a grade of 70 can't afford to flunk, for one flunk will count like 60.

Student—I beg your pardon, but I—I—couldn't make out this correction on my paper.

Mr. Welday—Why, why it says “write more legibly”.

THE ANNUAL

CALENDAR.

- September 13 School began with the annual overflow of Freshies.
September 15 Two Freshmen got lost. Cried.
September 20 Prof. Hall's first lecture on hall order.
September 22 The east stairs received a Freshie in its embrace.
September 29 Albert Fiedler stood still five minutes.
September 30 In Literature, during reading of Macbeth, Leo Corbett was rudely awakened.
October 3 Pollock was seen talking to a girl.
October 5 Rhea Martin got to school on time.
October 7 Freshman fell down stairs. Terrible excitement.
October 30 Everybody happy(?).
November 6 Miss Ruess didn't scold when Helen Eichelberger came late.
November 8 Marion Rhoads made a grand stand play on the main stairs.
November 14 Harry Holdstein failed to sleep in the study hall.
November 15 Freshies receive a shock. Miss Moore assigned fifty problems.
November 18 Football game with Ashland College. Girls had a good time.
November 20 A Freshman found wandering.
November 23 Albertine Lang seen without Helen Steele.
November 24 A Thangsgiving program rendered.
November 25 Football game with Mt. Vernon. Almost frozen.
December 7 Nita Branson didn't talk in Physics.
December 9 Norm Stoodt wore same suit twice.
December 17 School closed for Christmas vacation.
December 24 Another fine program. Senior Glee Club scored a hit(?).
December 29—January 3 Christmas vacation.
January 7 Leo Corbett passed a note without reading the contents.
January 24—27 Semi-annual cramming.
January 9 Helen Hall developed a new "case". Isn't serious.
January 14 Rhea Martin was tardy.
January 20 Rebekah MacDaniel didn't smile.
January 31 Milo Newton resolved to smoke more and study less.
February 1 Only a few flunked in exams.
February 2 Byron McCready recited fluently in German.
February 7 Ethel Leppo did not whisper.
February 11 Glee Club sang at Lincoln banquet at the Elks.
February 12 Jay Sauerbray walked to school by himself.
February 14 Valentines received by M. H. S. boys.
February 23 Mr. Marting shocked Physics classes. Great time.
February 25 Staff got to all their classes.
March 2 Joseph Hilton failed to make recitation.
March 3 Harold Henry did not chew gum.
March 8 Archie Nixon did not ask a question.
March 11 Concert in Physics class—Mr. Marting, musician.
March 14 Basket ball boys have pictures taken for Annual.
March 15 Florence Odenbaugh didn't write one note all day.
March 17 St. Patrick's Day. Green. Freshmen look natural.
April 1 Junior and Senior reception.
April 10 Back to school after spring vacation.
April 11 Great signs of spring fever.
April 13 Pearl Flocken spoke twice in same day.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Coulter : " You know that pretty salesgirl I took home from the dance " ?

Judd C. : " Yes ".

Coulter : " Well, I stole a kiss ".

Judd C. : " What did she say " ?

Coulter : " Will that be all ".

FLUNK.

Fierce Lessons.

Late Hours.

Unexpected Callers.

Not Prepared.

Kicked Out.

Miss Gilbert—Do you know Poe's Raven?

Bob Carrigan—Why, no. What's the matter with him ?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

[NOTICE—All questions should be directed to the head of the Correspondence Department. They will receive the most careful attention of the editors.]

Rio—No, we would not advise you to pass notes in the hall, especially where all the Physics pupils can see you do it. We think, with careful management, you might say all that is necessary outside of school hours.

Florence—We do not consider it proper to call up a gentleman late at night to ask whether the light on the corner is burning or not.

Helen—Your question is one which we are often asked to answer. If you do not walk down the hall too often with him, and do not smile too sweetly, it might be permissible. Otherwise folks may think it serious.

Albertine—It is not wise to write to so many boys at one time. You are apt to lose them all in trying to capture so many.

Grace—If it wearies you to study the first period in the afternoon, by all means stop doing it.

Kathleen—It will probably be unnecessary to announce your engagement, as everyone knows it already.

Tom—Hereafter we would advise you to see that you have your pocket-book with you before boarding a street car with a girl.

Milo—Smoking is certainly bad on the complexion. If you wish to preserve the ruddy glow of youth cut it out.

Emmett—If your girl stings you devote all your attention to her best friend. It is the best way of making her sit up and take notice.

Mildred—Yes, you will always be popular with the boys.

Russell B.—If you can't tell which of the six pretty girls you like best, you had better rush them all.

Marjorie—We would advise you not to monopolize the looking glass in the report room.

Lee—If you avoid repeating the occurrence folks may forget that you went to sleep in school.

Judson—How did you get along in that Glee Club try out?

Super—Made first base on four balls.

Miss Brown—What was the greatest achievement of the Romans?
Sophomore Class, in chorus—Speaking Latin.

Upon the hottest summer day
I do not fume and frown;
I just take my thermometer
And hang it upside down.
The mercury as it climbs up
Marks less and less degrees,
Until on very torrid days
I often nearly freeze.

TO THE FRESHMEN.

Blessings on the little man,
Verdant boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy patched up pantaloons,
Worn for many, many moons;
With thy greenness and thy gall,
With thy crudeness, plain to all,
Thou art but a Freshman now,
To upper classmen thou must bow.
But, despite thy lowly name,
Thou wilt get there just the same.



POOR AIM.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It went in the distance, I knew not where
'Till a neighbor said it killed his calf,
And I had to pay him six and a half.
I bought some poison to slay some rats,
And a neighbor said it killed his cats;
I paid him four dollars and fifty cents.
One night I set sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reached the
 moon,
But the candle fell out on a farmer's straw,
And he said I must settle or go to law.
And that is the way with the random shot,
It never hits the proper spot;
And the joke you spring that you think so
 smart,
May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.



APRIS

Gentle Reader, since these pages
 You have scanned of pose and jest,
Pray let Reason be your leader,
 Fair Discretion be your Guest.

Little Booklet, go we pray thee
 Into every Mansfield home,
With your bits of worldly wisdom,
 Unexcelled by ancient tome.
 —The Staff.



PRIZES

First Prize Story George Biddle
Second Prize Story. Winifred Angle
First Prize Poem George Biddle
Second Prize Poem Chrystine Wagner
First Prize Drawing. Eolis Greenlee
Second Prize Drawing Paul Schafer





✧ THE STAFF. ✧

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					{	REBEKAH MACDANIEL
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ART EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-	HARRY HOLDSTEIN
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ADDS

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ITS AIM

To furnish a means of Social, Intellectual and Spiritual improvement and recreation.

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THE "FAUX PAS"

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his, and patted her soft, round chin, she drew back and asked:

"George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever——"

Then she stopped; but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

—Red Hen.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
She wore it to the dance
Where the blamed thing dropped by
chance,
And the anger that she felt was
simply horrid.

—Cornell widow.

The Best



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BISSELL IS THE GOLD MEDAL

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SCATTERGOOD & SON.

A MAN OF FORETHOUGHT.
Bride—Here you are at last. I
thought you were never coming.

Groom—There was no danger of my
forgetting it. Look, I tied a knot in my
handkerchief.

HER DISCOVERY.
Old Mother Hooker went to the fireless
cooker
To get her French poodle a chop
But, to her despair, the chop wasn't
there,
For the cook had fed it to the cop.

Boys,

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APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

The Dachshund is a funny sight,
As on his way he calmly jogs.
Though short his legs, his pants are quite
As long as those of other dogs.

Six Years—Papa, what does heredity
mean.

Fond Papa—Something which de-
scends from father to son.

Six Years—Is a spanking hereditary?

The boy who has plenty of chances
And takes advantage of none
Shan't have the other fellow's chance
When all his chances are gone.

Twenty-two Chances
Per Month

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Mansfield-Ohio Business College, and
then a chance to enter the business
world.

**Mansfield=Ohio
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SIR WALTER'S REGRET.

Sir Walter Raleigh was just coming
away from the cleaner's where he had
left his muddy cloak.

"And to think," he muttered, "that
no sooner had she walked on it, than I
noticed that she had her arctics on."

Whereupon he invented smoking as
a solace.

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SPRING
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SUMMER

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For High School fellows in all the prevailing weaves and colors. All Globe clothing pressed one year free.

**Highest in Quality
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I

I asked her if she'd marry me,
She answered with a frown,
"Not if I can help it—No!"
And thus she turned me down.

II

Then Father came with heavy tread,
Assisting in the bout,
With pointed language, eke and boot,
He promptly turned me out.

III

As if to verify the fact,
The town-clock struck just then,
In referee-like tones, full slow,
The down-and-out count—TEN.

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Both Phones

"Wind," wrote a little boy in his composition at school, "is air when it gets in hurry."—Ex.

' You Hamericans say we 'ave no 'umor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll have you understand, sir, that Henglish jokes are not to be laughed at!"—Exchange.

"Ma'am, here's a man at the door with a parcel for you."

"What is it, Bridget?"

"It's a fish and it's marked C. O. D."

"Then make the man take it straight back to the dealer, I ordered trout."

Ott's Jewelry Store

GRADUATION GIFTS

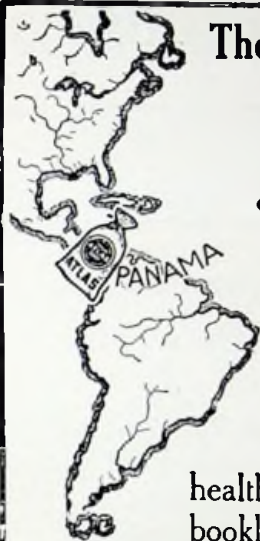
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Marshall & Reynolds

: : : Haberdashers. : : :

Customer—"Give me some Roguefort cheese."

Waiter—"Sorry Sir, it's just run out."

Customer—"Well when it comes in grab it and bring a piece here."

NOT ANXIOUS.

Visitor—"Are you anxious for your term to expire?"

"No I'm in for life."

"Notice the foot-note at the bottom of the page," laughed the court fool, as the loyal attendant's shoes emitted a squeak.—Exchange.

"Sure and what is a chafin-dish?" asked Pat.

"Whist man," answered Nora, "It's a fryin' pan that's got into society."

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In the spring the boyhood fancy
Turns to baseball, marbles, kites;
In the spring the girlish fancy
Takes some ice cream soda flights;
In the spring the old man's fancy
Turns to streams and fishing poles;
In the spring the golfer's fancy
Turns to nine and eighteen holes;
In the spring the farmer's fancy
Turns to folks from out of town;
In the spring the fancy editor
Turns rhymes like this one down.

—Ex.

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You
Secure the Best.
WE
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Lowest Prices on Gent's, Young Men's and Children's Clothing and Furnishings in the city.

HOLDSTEIN, Proprietor

THE FIRST SPASM.

If it were Spring, O Stoodes, if it were Spring,

From out of my trunk what wondrous garb I'd bring!

What striped shirts and ties that seem to swear,

So loud they speak. What flannels would I dare!

What liquid remedies against the heat Would cheer my soul, while Pat re-soles my feet.

I'd e'en endure to hear my room-mate sing

If it were Spring!

"Let these wild words and wilder thoughts take ring,"

Beneath the bed the cursed clock doth ring

A wild alarm on the zero air;

Icicles cleave unto my frozen hair.

What! Did I dream there was such a thing

Ha! ha! as Spring?

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Underware, Hose, Trunks, and
Leather Goods.

We Conform Hats to Fit Your Head.

LEECH BROS.

Successors to H. E. Cave.

65 N. Main St. Opposite Vonhof Hotel

CHIROGRAPHY.

Little Johnny: "Say, mister."

Mister: "Well."

Little Johnny: "Who crossed your eyes instead of dotting them?"

'Tis hard to live among men since it is so hard to keep silence.—(Ex.)

Vernon Redding *Architect*

Room 301 • • • • Bird Bldg.

SIMON & PRYOR

**Ladies' Tailoring
and Dressmaking**

312 Bird Bldg. Mansfield Phone 1332-L

Olden proverbs say that beauty
Lies no deeper than the skin;
But I fear it is my duty
Flaws of fact to find therein.
For the proverb's truth is ended,
Though I own It is a sin.
Thus the saw should be amended:
"Beauty lies above the skin."

(Ex.)

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Henry G. Brunner

Castor & Brunner

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of New York.

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\$3.50 \$4.00 \$5.00

Shoes and Oxfords

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J. Doerman

No. 1 S. Main St. - - - Mansfield

"Flossie dropped me."

"Break you?"

"No, I was broke, thats why she dropped me.

"Did you call her up?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't they call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."—(Ex.)

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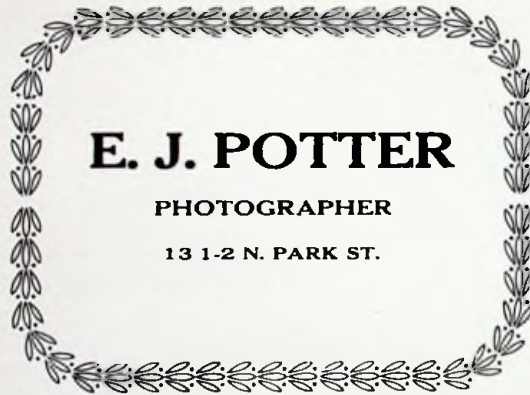
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ANDREW PAULO

9 Park Ave. West.

A FAUX PAS.

He thought he'd propose at his ease,
So devotedly fell on his knees;
But I think that he quenched her
Love when he drenched her,
For just the then he happened to
sneeze.

There was a young man named
"Rusty"

Whose hair was always so trusty,
No matter how dark, it is said
He found his way home by his head.

Now that meat has gone up so that no
one will buy it,
And we turn in despair to a vegetable
diet.

"My friend" vegetarians cry, "you
just try it;
Just egg it, and fruit it, and cake it,
and pie it."—(Ex.)

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The finest Coffee for the
Price sold in the city of
Mansfield.

20c. Per Pound.

Try a pound and test our as-
sertion.

JOHN E. ANGLE.

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe in-
crease,
Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace;
And what should his wondering eyes
behold
But an angel handling a book of gold.
He opened wide his eyes, getting a
better look.
Beheld his wife empty his pocket-
book.
He jumped upright, and with a stern
voice said,
"You let my pants alone, and come
to bed."
She kept the cash all right, and
squelched her hub.
She went next week to the woman's
club—
Composed of women whom expensive
hats had blessed
And lo! Ben Adhem's wife led all
the rest.—Ex.

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Encina Youth—We might investigate.
Two heads are better than one.
(Ex.)

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Relieves the pain in a bruise. Takes the fire out of
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A cut or burn will not get sore where this liquid is
used. Price 25 cts.

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If the gate be too narrow
And the hat too wide,
Will she give up the head-gear
Or linger outside?—(Ex.)

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Call and look our stock over.

Prices Right.

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A correct fit, style and quality guaranteed. Our prices are the lowest consistent with high-class tailoring. Repairing and pressing neatly done.

Wiler Block. :- Op. Vohnhof Hotel.

WE RISE, WHATE'ER THE HOUR
'TIS NONE TOO SOON.

(Apologies to W. Wordsworth.)

We rise, whate'er the hour 'tis none
too soon.

Bolting our breakfast waste digestive
powers,

Little we see the family that is ours,
We have bargained our time away, a
sordid boon

Till some o'clock late in the afternoon.
But more than this our minds are at
all hours

Scheming how greater profits may be
ours.

For everything but this we are out
of tune --

It moves us not—Great God I'd rather
be

An Esquimo in some unfathomed
nook,

So might I have my pemicans and tea,
Without intrusions from explorer
Cook,

Without awakening in the Artic dawn
To hear old Peary blow his pole-ish
horn.



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Smoke
Massa's
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5^c
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Dirkuon Building

Her hair is dark with glossy glint,
And sheen,
Except where puffs of lighter tint
Are seen.
Her skin is soft, 'tis snowy, too
And nice,
Save where the freckles glimmer thru
The rice.
She does not claim to be a belle
Nor boast,
And after all, she looks as well
As most. — Ex.

Best Line of Baseball Goods

At the Colwell Hardware Co.

 Sign Big Padlock.

THE ONLY WAY.

He "lisped in numbers;" lucky bard!
He sought a rhyme for "month,"
And since he lisped it wasn't hard;
He thought of it at "oneth."—N. W.

TOO MUCH OF HIM.

"My dear," the tall, fat wooer cried,
"I am a timid elf;
I lack the words to tell my love.
I can't express myself."

She eyed his corpulence a while;
Then, in a tone sedate,
"Of course you can't express yourself,"
She said: "You're overweight."

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SUFFRAGISTS.

If woman went to Congress
They'd soon be discontented,
Since those at home would feel
they were
In part Miss-represented.

A very stout old lady, bustling
through the park on a sweltering hot
day, became aware that she was being
closely followed by a rough-looking
tramp.

"What do you mean by following

me around in this manner?" she in-
dignantly demanded. The tramp slunk
back a little. But when the stout
woman resumed her walk he again
took up his position behind her.

"See here," she exclaimed, wheel-
ing angrily, "if you don't go away at
once I shall call a policeman!"

"For heaven's sake, kind lady, have
mercy an' don't call a policeman; ye're
the only shady spot in the whole park."

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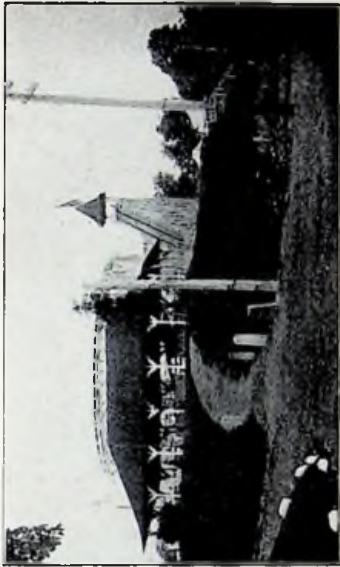
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Corner Sixth and Main Sts.

THE EIGHTH WONDER.

I've heard of seven wonders,
But just the other day
I saw a record-breaker
While sailing down the bay:
A lot of busy bell-buoys
Were hopping round the ships,
And giving dandy service
Regardless of the tips. —B. L. S.

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent
sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

Man is made of Dust. Dust Settles. Be a Man!
--

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Lime, Hair, Cement
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Over Hunt's Cigar Store.

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well, he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oosters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's verry sorry, sah, but we's all out ob all shell fish 'cepting aigs."

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Receives Prompt Attention.

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Why debate pronunciation

In a very simple case?

If he pays a dollar for it,

She will call it just a vase.

With the price appreciation

Rises high to help his case;

And the vase that cost a twenty

She will speak of as a vase.

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Drugs

THE CHAMPION LIAR.

The angler lies beside the brook,

And casts his gaudy flies,

And lies, and lies, and lies, and lies,

And lies, and lies, and lies.

The cat was being persued by Patrick around and around the kitchen. A sudden turn in the chase landed it "kerplunk" into the crock containing pancake batter. It scrambled out barely in time to escape a blow from the poker wielded by Patrick, and shot out into the yard.

"Lave the poor baste go,," begged Biddy, seeking to make peace. "The batter ain't hurt in the laste. Every place he touched it has stuck to him."

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MAKING FACES.

Poor little Bill burst into tears
And hid his frightened head.
"My straight-laced shoes we thought
so nice
Stuck out their tongues he said."

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WOOD MANTLES

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Men's and Women's
\$3.50, - \$4, - \$5

Mertz-Kirkpatrick's

THE CARPENTER'S SERANADE.

A lath! I quite a door you, dear;
I've hallways loved your laughter.
Oh, window you intend to grant
The wish my hopes are after?
When first I sawyer smile 'twas plane
I wood re-joice to marry;
Oh, let us to the joiner's hie
Nor longer shingle tarry!
And now that I have axed you, dear,
Plumb, square and on the level
(I've always wanted 2-by-4),
Don,t spile hope's happy revel.
The cornice is waving, Peggy, dear,
The gables all are ringing;
Why let me pine?—for, oh, you know
I'm sawdust when I'm singing!
—Nixon Waterman.

Why--Take--Chances?

Your dealer pays more per thousand for "Quatility" than any other nickel cigar he handles.

Must Be a Reason for It.

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Yes! It is Different. The Taste Tells.

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The Bicycle

IS COMING BACK.

WHY ?

It is the most perfect and valuable mechanism ever invented for the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of man.

Order one from

W. C. HERING.

ECONOMICAL.

A stingy old man of Malacca,
Who wore clothes of the thinnest
alapaca,

Would remark with a groan:

"I've a match of my own;

Would you lend me a pipe and tobacco."
—Nixon Waterman.

DR. E. R. OBERLIN,

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